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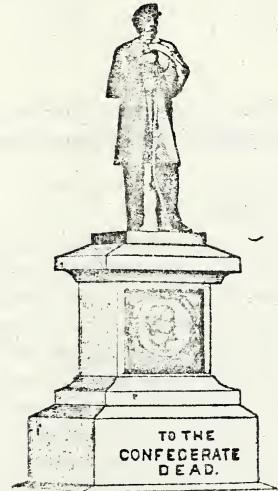
OU76A

OUR SUNNY SOUTH.

SOUTHERN HISTORICAL MONTHLY.

Army of the West.

Army of the East.

Stars and Bars
Army who fought under theSoldiers and Sailors
Army who fought under theSacred to the memory
of those who died
in defence of thein defence of the
Confederate causein defence of the
Confederate causein defence of the
Confederate causeAlbert Sydney Johnston,
April, 1862,
Shiloh, Tennessee."Stonewall" Jackson,
May, 1863,
Chancellorsville, Va.

PUBLISHED AT RALEIGH, N.C. BY S. D. POOL, EDITOR.

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AN EXPLANATORY NOTE--READ IT.

OFFICE OF SOUTHERN HISTORICAL MONTHLY,

Raleigh, N. C., February 15, 1877.

In January 1876, the initial number of our Magazine, was printed; but owing to financial troubles, to the absorbing interest aroused by the early opening of the Centennial Exhibition, and the great political excitement of the then pending Presidential election, it was deemed advisable to take no other steps towards the circulation of the Magazine than a partial distribution of the first number and the procurement of an endorsement of the enterprise by leading men of the South. The present number, which was also printed last year, but not circulated for reasons above stated, is now being distributed. The recent passage of the Electoral Bill by Congress, and its approval by the President, having removed all danger of trouble growing out of the Presidential question, after mature consideration it has been determined to continue the publication of the Magazine. The March number, 1877, will be issued March 20th, and succeeding numbers regularly thereafter.

This note is given in explanation of the date on page 129.

SOUTHERN HISTORICAL MONTHLY.

VOL. I.]

FEBRUARY, 1876.

[No. 2.

CAUSES WHICH PRODUCED THE WAR

BETWEEN THE STATES.

From "The Soldier's History of the War,"

By REV. JOHN PARIS.

PART II.

Violent Opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law—The Temper of Congress in 1859—Struggle for the Speakership—"The Helper Book"—Personal Liberty Bills—Great Discord in the Democratic Party in 1860—The Black Republican Party Nominate and Elect Sectional Candidates—Their Platform of Principles—Difference of Opinion in the South with Regard to a Proper Course of Action—South Carolina Secedes—Fort Moultrie is Evacuated—The Other Cotton States Secede—A Peace Congress Convenes at Washington—Its Efforts Abortive—The Seceded States form a Confederate Government—Duplicity of Mr. Lincoln.

ON the meeting of Congress in December, 1859, it was apparent from the temper of that body, which is always regarded as reflecting the popular mind, that the country was fast drifting upon the dangerous rocks of revolution. John Brown and his comrades in crime had just been executed. Resolutions of enquiry into the character and complicity of his raid, were introduced into the Senate.

On the part of the South, the patient endurance of every lover of the country was well nigh exhausted. The compromise measures of 1850 had failed to produce peace, or restore confidence, because the fugitive slave law was almost powerless in the face of Abolition opposition, and could only be enforced by the officers of the law supported by arms; and kidnappers continued to prosecute with activity the business of carrying off slaves by the operations of the "Underground Railroad," as they generally termed their mode of business. The Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court, was generally denounced and opposed by the Black Republican party, and the Abolitionists of every shade of opinion, had become identified with it; and to crown the whole,

that party, emboldened by its increasing strength and political power, was boldly proclaiming its purpose of excluding slavery from all territories of the public domain, while almost every State Legislature in the North had passed acts, termed personal liberty bills, in order to defeat the execution of the fugitive slave law enacted by Congress.

In the House of Representatives, Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, was nominated for Speaker by the Northern party. This man was particularly objectionable to the South, by his being identified with the Abolitionists, but more especially by his endorsement of an incendiary book of the most fanatical character, called "*The Irrepressible Conflict.*" It was written by a renegade North Carolinian. In his earlier days his moral deportment was considered good; indeed his antecedents were said to be commendable. But quitting the State that gave him birth, and becoming identified in his associations with the Abolition schoolmen, he ventured to pen and publish the infamous volume which gave him a widespread notoriety. The character of the book may be summed up in these words: A shameless slander upon and insult to the South; a libel upon her morals, her institutions, and her laws; the production of hatred, and the creature of falsehood, constituting a brand of lasting infamy upon its author. The book had been widely circulated at the North. So well adapted was it to the Northern fancy, that it had been recommended by as many as sixty-eight members of Congress. The character of the book, and the favor with which it was received at the North, in connection with John Brown's raid, constituted a matter of some moment with the Southern people. The struggle for the Speakership in the house was animated, bitter and protracted. After a lapse of several weeks, in unsuccessful efforts to elect a speaker in the person of Mr. Sherman, his name was withdrawn, and a candidate was brought forward and elected, from the same party. But a most unhappy and dangerous impression had been made upon the country. The spirit that prevailed in the Congressional halls was impressed upon the country, and like a contagion it spread far and wide. Everything conspired to show that the time had come in which our country was struggling under the existence of a political North, and a political South: the former endeavoring to limit the rights and destroy the interests of the

latter, and reduce her to an inferior political condition ; while the latter was manfully contending for justice and equality under the Constitution, and resisting at every point by lawful means, the unjust encroachments made upon her Constitutional rights. The political elements of the country had become convulsed. In the drawing of party lines, party organizations had become nice and exacting. James Buchanan being now President of the United States, had been elected by a large popular vote from the Democratic party. Notwithstanding defection from its ranks, and accessions to the Black Republican party, had been going on for some time it was still in a condition to have gone into the ensuing Presidential election with confidence of success ; but when the National Convention of the party met in the city of Charleston in April, 1860, to nominate their candidate, they found an insurmountable difficulty in their way. They failed to harmonize. The platform of principles which had been adopted four years before, had ceased to be satisfactory in some quarters. Amendments were offered and rejected. Discord prevailed, and a part of the Southern delegation withdrew. The Convention adjourned to meet in Baltimore in June following. Upon its assembling a contest ensued, and finally a division took place, the one party nominating John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, for President, and Gen. Jos. Lane, of Oregon, for Vice-President, whilst the other division nominated Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, for President, and Herschel V. Johnson, of Georgia, for Vice-President.

The first nomination commanded the support of the great mass of the Democratic party of the cotton or slave-holding States. The party had been unhappily divided with regard to the powers of Congress over slavery in the Territories, its duty to protect such property therein ; and also in regard to territorial legislative authority over the subject. The Northern wing of the party were not willing to go as far as the Southern insisted they should go. In May a Convention of a new party organization, or rather the old Whig party under a new name, met in Baltimore calling themselves the " Constitutional Union party," and nominated as their candidates, John Bell, of Tennessee, for President, and Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, for Vice-President.

The Black Republican party met about this time in Chicago,

and nominated as their candidates, Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, for President, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, for Vice-President. This was the first time in the history of the country that candidates for the two highest offices known to the Constitution, had been brought out from the same section as sectional candidates. But the time had now come when sectional feeling, sectional prejudices, and sectional interests were required to override everything.

In the platform of political principles adopted and set forth by this party, they declared that no more slave States should be admitted into the Union; that Congress should prevent the introduction of slavery into the Territories; and substantially exhibited by the enunciation of their principles as therein contained, their uncompromising hostility to what the people of the South had ever considered their Constitutional rights. The South felt that her equality in the Union, and rights under the Constitution, were all staked upon the issue of the impending election, which was to take place in November. The result astounded every lover of his country. The unhappy results that must arise seemed apparent to the mind of every observer of passing events. Mr. Lincoln, the candidate of the Black Republican party, had been elected. But in only a few of the slave-holding States had he received a single vote. In the Cotton States proper not one. He had carried the electoral vote of every free State except New Jersey.

The result of the election in 1860 was that Abraham Lincoln was elected by a minority of the popular vote. The entire vote stood thus: For Lincoln 1,857,200; for Douglas, 1,276,000; for Breckenridge 812,000; and for Bell 735,000. Mr. Lincoln, consequently, was constitutionally elected President of the United States as a sectional candidate, with a platform of principles avowedly hostile to the interests and constitutional rights of the Slave-holding States. The Black Republican party had triumphed. Its triumph was the triumph of one sectional party over the party for the Union. Such an effort had never been seriously attempted before. But now it was made and success had crowned its efforts; and the future that presented itself to the consideration of the people of the South afforded no confidence in the hope of peaceful legislation in Congress, or security for their

rights. Self-preservation is an immutable law that God has engrafted upon the nature of man. When his liberty, his safety, or his rights are threatened, or invaded, reason leads us to suspect that he will act, and in so doing will adopt such measures, and take such steps, as will either avert the danger or secure his safety. As it is with individuals, so it is with States. A crisis had now arisen with the people of the Southern States. A sectional party had come into political power. This party was pledged to carry on a crusade against the rights of the South, and against such crusade the Southern people had no guarantees. The Constitution still existed, but it presented to them only a feeble barrier of defense. The Supreme Court still existed, but its decisions were derided and condemned by the Black Republican party now in power. The fugitive slave law was still upon the statute book, but it was almost powerless to return a fugitive slave to his owner; and no man with the lights before him, could safely attempt to remove with his slaves to any unsettled territory of the common domain of the United States. Under these circumstances diversity of opinion existed in many of the Slave holding States as to the course of action to be adopted. South of North Carolina there was almost a general determination to be found to withdraw from the Federal Union. Among the Border Slave States calmer counsels prevailed. They held that the election of Mr. Lincoln was according to the forms of the Constitution, and therefore was not of itself sufficient cause to justify a withdrawal from the Union, independent of any other circumstances. They held the opinion that so far as the interests of the institution of slavery in the Territories was concerned, nothing could be gained even by a successful and independent separate organization of the Southern States. Some doubted the right of a State to secede from the Union. Others had no doubt of the constitutional right. Many thought that the time had now come when that right should be exercised. Others thought it would be prudent under the circumstances to defer action until some further developments should be made by the sectional party which was soon to come into power; or until some further encroachment should be made upon the rights of the South. As unity always adds to strength, many insisted that the aggrieved States should act in unison and retire from the Union by seceding.

therefrom in a body. Others held the doctrine that inasmuch as each one was a sovereign State, it would be more compatible with the principles of State sovereignty for each to act separately and independently for itself, in withdrawing from the Union ; and if it should be necessary, consider the question of union among themselves afterwards. The majority of the people of the Border Slave-holding States of Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri, with North Carolina and Tennessee, were opposed to secession at this time as a remedy for the evils complained of, or as security against the dangers which were apprehended. The cause of South Carolina and Georgia, was equally the cause of Virginia and Maryland. Their interests were alike. The danger which was feared was common to each. Hence one could not consistently ignore the cause of another, although she might not find herself able to endorse fully the line of policy adopted by her sister. Men of experience and of good understanding in national affairs, could not fail to see that secession on the part of a portion of the States from the Union with the others, must lead to bloodshed and war, and consequently, the subject should be considered calmly and no rash action attempted. That the government under which we lived and had prospered as a nation, was a legacy to us from our forefathers, and that it was best still to appeal to the reason and sober thought of our Northern brethren, who might even at a late hour accord us justice. Others held that as each State was sovereign, and as such, that if she elected to retire from the Union it would be no cause of war, and consequently blood would not follow as a consequence.

In the North, it had become apparent that a fearful crisis had arisen ; but still it was not regarded as one leading to bloodshed. The Black Republican party, intoxicated with their success at the recent election, and being principally concerned about the spoils of official positions, which hope had pointed out to them, heeded but little the condition of the country or the attitude of the Southern States. Some of the Northern States had said, "let the Union slide." Others had asserted that "the South could not be kicked out of the Union." Others had derided what they called "Southern Chivalry." And the radical wing of the Black Republican party which was made up of the ultra Abolitionists,

generally denounced the Constitution of the United States as, "A league with death and an agreement with hell."

The cloud that had now gathered over the whole land was dark and ominous of nothing but evil. Christians prayed and patriots hoped that God in his mercy would spare the country the horrors of war, and that discord would be banished and harmony once more prevail, and hope of future good once more inspire joy in the hearts of our countrymen.

As soon as the election of Mr. Lincoln was known in South Carolina, her people appeared to be not only ripe, but ready for action. Argument was now deemed useless, as it had been exhausted, and pending dangers demanded action. A Convention of the State met at her capital on the 17th of December, 1860. Great unanimity of sentiment prevailed among the people and that unanimity was reflected by their delegates in the Convention. On the 20th, the Convention passed an ordinance of secession, declaring before the world that South Carolina had dissolved her connection with the Federal Union of the other States. The ordinance passed by a unanimous vote, and was proclaimed amidst imposing ceremonies and great public rejoicings. The action of South Carolina was generally deemed precipitate by the people of the Border States; as the cause of each State was the same, they held the opinion that a common cause required concert of action in order to lead to success. But she had made her own election in the premises, and she was not expected to retrace her steps. She had acted, and she was willing to take the responsibility of her action before the world. She now stood forth as a free sovereign State, untrammelled by any alliance or compact with any other political power whatever.

Fort Moultrie, of revolutionary fame, stands a few miles east of the city of Charleston, in imposing grandeur, as the guardian of the harbor. In this fortification the Federal government kept a garrison, at this time, under the command of Major Anderson. On the night of the 26th of December he evacuated the fort, spiking its guns, burning the gun carriages, and stores which he was not able to carry away, and removed with his entire force to Fort Sumter, as a position of greater security. This movement was made under the cover of darkness, which, with the spiking of his guns, and the burning of his carriages, bore all the charac-

teristic marks of a hostile demonstration. Sumter is situated about four miles from the city of Charleston, and three miles nearer to it than Moultrie. The fortress is situated in the harbor upon a foundation formed of stone sunk for the purpose, and with proper armament would command the approach to the city by water. This move of Major Anderson, was no doubt in accordance with his instructions from Government, although it bore all the appearance of a hostile menace to the authorities and people of Charleston, and could have been dictated only by unreasonable fears.

South Carolina was the smallest of the Southern States, except Florida. Vanity and fanaticism prompted the people at the North to sneer at the attitude she had taken. Some professed to be pleased that she had left the Union, as "she would not be missed," they said. Others said, "let her go, her own bleakness will drive her back." While others in the true spirit of fanaticism, spoke only of laying her cities in ashes, and driving the plough-share of ruin over her fair fields. Mr. Buchanan, President of the United States, was known to be opposed to the doctrine of secession. He had probably done what he believed to be his duty in the premises, to maintain the Federal Government intact, yet failed to give satisfaction to either the Northern or Southern party. But while he was opposed to secession on the one hand, he did not believe the Constitution gave him any right to coerce a State on the other. This is an opinion held by Mr. Madison who was sometimes called the father of the Constitution, and likewise entertained by many of his distinguished compatriots, and statesmen of a later generation. That Mr. Buchanan desired, earnestly desired, to close his administration of public affairs without the shedding of one drop of blood, there can be no doubt. Under the solemn circumstances that now surrounded the country, he appointed Friday, January 24th, 1861, to be set apart as a "day of National humiliation, fasting and prayer."

But the political horizon had grown darker, and one event followed rapidly upon the heels of another. On the 9th of January, 1861, Mississippi passed an ordinance of secession, and came out of the Union. Alabama and Florida following suit came out on the 11th; Georgia on the 20th; Louisiana on the 26th, and Texas followed on the 1st of February. The spirit of the South had

been fully aroused. No appeals to reason or judgment were heeded. The time for all such had passed; and "duty as well as interest," they cried, "demanded action." Thus, in forty-four days, the Cotton States had severed their connection with, and disavowed all allegiance to the Federal Government; while the Border States were seriously disturbed by an exciting ferment. The Senators and Representatives from the seceded States were abandoning their seats in Congress, and returning home, delivering as they left their farewell addresses before the bodies of which they were members, and all things seemed to foreshadow that a terrible shock was at hand.

As hope does not readily yield to despair, some of the ablest and best statesmen, both North and South, still held to the hope that something might be done to ward off the impending dangers that hung over the country, and effect a peaceful solution of the difficulties. On the 18th of December, two days before South Carolina passed her ordinance of secession, Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, offered a series of resolutions in the Senate of the United States, in view of quieting the distracted state of the country. These resolutions proposed that the Constitution should be amended, so as to contain substantially the following:

1. That neither Congress, nor a Territorial Legislature shall have power to abolish or interfere in any manner with the institution of slavery, south of a certain line.
2. Congress shall not have power to abolish the institution in the District of Columbia, or in the forts, arsenals or dock yards.

It also contained some provision for the better security of the owners of fugitive slaves against the lawlessness of Northern mobs. The faint hope was entertained for a short time, that the propositions of Mr. Crittenden would be favorably entertained by the Senate, and that they afforded ground upon which all parties might harmonize, but unfortunately they were lost. Every Senator belonging to the Black Republican party which was soon to take the helm of government and direct the course of the Ship of State, voted against them. This was a fatal blow to the hopes of many friends of the Union in the Border States, and they now regarded every prospect of peace or compromise at an end; while at the same time it strengthened the hands of the Secessionists. The Northern party had deliberately voted down the olive branch of peace, and such

action under the grave circumstances, clearly and strongly implied, they wanted no peace and admitted no compromise.

A few days after the defeat of Mr. Crittenden's resolutions in the Senate, the Legislature of Virginia, moved by a spirit worthy of the ancient renown of the "Old Dominion," adopted a resolution, which proposed the assembling of a "Peace Congress," of the States. This was well, and kindly received in many quarters, and the fast sinking hopes of the friends of peace and Union, were somewhat revived. This Peace Congress met in the City of Washington on the 4th of February, 1861, and continued in session over three weeks. Twenty States had sent representatives to this body. They were principally distinguished for talents and great experience in political affairs; and had been selected as men holding moderate or conservative views. The venerable John Tyler, of Virginia, one of the Ex-Presidents of the United States, was elected President of this grave and important assemblage of the friends of peace. The Peace Congress, finally, after much deliberation, agreed upon certain propositions, differing but little from the Crittenden resolutions, as amendments to the Constitution of the United States, which were to be approved by Congress, and by that body sent out to the several States for their ratification. The work of the Peace Congress was sent into the Senate. In this body it was voted down by an overwhelming majority. The House of Representatives refused to receive it. Madness ruled the hour. The dark cloud that had hung over the country grew darker still. The Border States had cherished the fond hope that the North would accept the olive branch of peace. It had been offered in the kindest manner, in the spirit of peace, and had been scornfully refused. The attitude of these States may have impressed the opinion upon the Northern mind, that they would remain passive spectators of the conflict, if the Federal Government attempted to coerce the seceded States. But if this opinion was seriously entertained it was vain, and too readily received.

The Legislature of Virginia spoke out on the subject, and declared that she could not be an indifferent party, if an attempt at subjugation should be made.

The seven Seceded States met by their delegates, in a Congress, at Montgomery, Alabama, on the 4th of February, 1861, for the

purpose of effecting a union under a Provisional Government. They drew up and adopted a Constitution, (taking the Constitution of the United States for its model in the main part, yet differing from it in some respects,) which was considered an improvement upon the old one. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi who had resigned his seat in the United States Senate, but a few days before, was chosen President, and Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, Vice President.

Mr. Davis was a man of acknowledged talents and ability as a statesman, and of unblemished integrity of character. He had received a military education at West Point; had served in the Mexican war with distinction, as Colonel of a regiment of Mississippi rifles; he had filled the office of Secretary of War during the administration of Mr. Pierce, and for a number of years had been a Senator in Congress from his State. Having been long and well tried, and approved in public service, he was regarded as a fair exponent of Southern feeling, and consequently well fitted and qualified for this new and responsible position in which he was placed. He immediately formed a Cabinet which, in point of talent and ability, commanded the confidence of the States represented at the time, and this new political organization essayed to take her place among the nations of the earth under the name of "The Confederate States of America."

When we reflect that seven States had left the Federal Union; assumed a position independent of the Government; had formed a confederacy of themselves; that their troops had seized and taken possession of every fort and arsenal within their limits except two (forts Sumter and Pickens) seized a large quantity of public arms and ammunition,—it appears strange that all this had been effected, considering the highly excited condition of the public mind, and not a life had been lost; not a drop of blood had been spilt.

The only collision that had taken place, occurred in the harbor of Charleston on the 9th of January. An understanding had been had between the South Carolina delegation in Congress, that no attack upon, or interruption of the military posts would be made by the State authorities, provided the *status* of those posts remained unchanged. But despite this understanding, Major Anderson had abandoned Fort Moultrie in the night, spiking his

guns, and burning the carriages, he had retired to Sumter, a position of much greater strength, from which position the President refused to order him back. Here was evidently a breach of faith on his part; and at the date mentioned before, a steamer dispatched from the port of New York filled with troops and munitions of war, and destined to reinforce Sumter, was fired upon by a battery situated on Morris' Island. No one was hurt. The steamer drew back from the attempt, and putting to sea again, conveyed to the Northern people, as well as to the Government, the unwelcome assurance that South Carolina, at least, was in earnest. The part that Mr. Buchanan acted with regard to the Forts, and the attempt to reinforce Sumter, were deemed by the South and her sympathizers, a breach of faith; and two members of his Cabinet, Floyd of Virginia, and Thompson of Mississippi, tendered their resignations and retired, to identify their fortunes with their respective States.

On the 4th of March, 1861, Mr. Lincoln took the oath of office and entered upon the duties that devolved upon him as President of the United States. He was a man without commanding talents as a politician, possessed of no distinction as a statesman, and had been selected for office only on the plea of availability. Pliable in his nature and distrustful of his own judgment, he was very poorly fitted indeed to be placed in the seat of Washington. To sum him up he had been selected by the Black Republican party as a man suitable for their purposes; he had adopted their platform of principles; he felt that they had placed him in office, consequently he was prepared to be moulded into any impression the party might choose to give him. That he was naturally very timid there can be no doubt. Without any cause to apprehend danger to his life or person, he had stolen into Washington in the night disguised in a plaid Scotch cap and a military cloak.

The inaugural address which he read to the assembled multitude upon taking the oath of office had been studiously prepared —either to conceal the truth, or to suit as many people as possible. But it was not sufficiently warlike to please the party generally that had placed him in power. They insisted that it lacked the nerve and dignity of tone that circumstances demanded. The people of the Border States regarded it with much suspicion that

more was meant than expressed, and derived but little encouragement from such hopes as it held out. With regard to the institution of slavery which was the prime occasion of the national difficulties, he said :

“ I have no disposition to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists, if I had the power to do so.”

How far he was sincere in the declaration subsequent events will disclose. But so far as the sentence quoted no man in the Southern States was misled. Direct interference with the institution in the States was not complained of. It was the interference in the Territories which was calculated to interfere with it indirectly in the States by restricting it to a limited area, and depreciating its value by excess of numbers. So far as the position occupied by the seceded States was concerned and the policy he would pursue towards them, he modestly expressed himself in these words :

“ The power confided to me will be used to occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and collect the duties and imports ; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force against, or among the people anywhere.”

It was not hard to comprehend the import of this sentence, to a Southern mind, and no one ought to have been misled by it for an hour. The Government claimed many of the forts, and places, with such property as heavy ordnance now in possession of the Confederates, and to “ possess,” “ hold” or “ occupy” such places would produce a conflict at arms ; and, when fighting should once begin, neither party could tell where it would end. In the formation of his Cabinet, Mr. Lincoln generally selected men distinguished for their hostility to the South ;—men who had proved themselves in their political career before the country, the ardent and zealous supporters of the leading principles of the Black Republican party. Wm. H. Seward, who of all others was probably most obnoxious to the South, was made Secretary of State. While debating the subject of the institution of slavery in its application to the Territories, he had declared in his place in the United States Senate, “ there is a higher law than the Constitution ” to which we bow. And upon another occasion, while addressing his constituents, he declared, “ there is an irrepressible

conflict between the free and the slave States." That "they must all become free, or all become slave States." Such sentiments as these had given him a notoriety which caused him to be regarded at the South as the oracle of the Black Republican party.

While the party now in power were clamorous for war and the subjugation of the Confederate States by force of arms, there was still a party at the North opposed to such a resort. This party was composed principally of the Old-line Democrats and such as had not been carried away by the vagaries of fanaticism. The difficulties that surrounded Mr. Lincoln were great. To attempt the subjugation of the Confederate States by force of arms, while such a step was unpopular at the North would prove a dangerous enterprise; and therefore, to unite all parties at the present crisis was to be regarded as an important object. A few days after the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Davis had dispatched Commissioners to Washington in order to arrange terms for a peaceable separation, and to effect an amicable arrangement with regard to public property, and for a removal of the Federal garrison from Forts Sumter and Pickens. While these Commissioners were not received as such, publicly, on the part of Mr. Lincoln, yet he held intercourse with them informally, through the medium of another party. Assurances were given them that the difficulties admitted of a peaceful solution; that the military status assumed by the Confederacy would not be disturbed and that Fort Sumter would be evacuated. Judge Campbell, of the Supreme Court, was the medium through whom these assurances were given by Mr. Seward, Secretary of State. Diplomacy leads to crooked paths. It proved worse than true in this case. The assurances given had no other object than deception, as the sequel proved. The authorities of South Carolina, seconded by the Confederate Government, had not only garrisoned Fort Moultrie and placed its armament in an efficient condition, but had erected several strong batteries at different points, which not only commanded Fort Sumter, but the harbor likewise. To relieve the endangered condition of the garrison would be a hazardous undertaking under existing circumstances. To refuse to withdraw the garrison at all would have led the Confederate authorities to open fire upon it in its isolated and helpless condition. To subserve the purposes of Mr. Lincoln, it was necessary to gain time and also put the

Confederates off their guard. The political code of morality that had always distinguished the party that had now come into power, could sanction and tolerate such duplicity as that which was resorted to by Mr. Seward in this instance upon the ground that "the end sanctifies the means." While on the other hand, it certainly demonstrates an absence of that high sense of honor that a world has a right to expect of men in high official positions. Fort Sumter was not evacuated.

An unusual activity was known to prevail in the Navy Yard at New York, which seemed to indicate that an armament was being fitted out for some demonstration hostile to the South. Uneasiness pervaded the minds of the friends of peace. Still Mr. Seward held out the assurance that Sumter would be evacuated. On the 7th of April, Judge Campbell addressed a note to the Secretary and received this remarkable reply: "Faith as to Sumter fully kept—wait and see." On the next day, the 8th, an expedition sailed from New York, consisting of eleven vessels carrying 285 guns and 2400 men, under the specious plea of carrying "provisions to a starving garrison." On the same day the Governor of South Carolina received the following notice from an officer of the Federal Government:

"I am directed by the President of the United States to notify you that an attempt will be made to supply Fort Sumter with provisions only, and that if such attempt be not resisted, no effort to throw men, arms, or ammunition into the fort will be made, without further notice, or in case of an attack upon the fort."

Deception was now at an end, Federal duplicity understood, for the mask had been withdrawn. The general Government had been notified that any attempt of this sort would produce a collision. In the face of a promise to the contrary an attempt was made—hence the offensive move was hers—for which the South is not responsible before the world.

EDITORIAL NOTES ON FIRST ARTICLE IN JANUARY NUMBER.—Page 4, quotation from preamble to the Constitution should be "more perfect" Union—not "more permanent." The articles of Confederation declared that to be a "perpetual" Union. It would have seemed satirical to propose something more permanent than "perpetual."

Page 5, Virginia accepted the Constitution with a declaration of her construction rather than "conditionally." When Mr. Hamilton wrote to Mr. Madison suggesting that New York might make a conditional ratification the latter replied that it would be void, &c., &c.

Page 6, Shay's Rebellion in Massachusetts was perhaps more serious than the Whiskey insurrection in Pennsylvania. It was the former which so depressed Gen. Washington, that he wrote expressing the fear that the blood of the Revolution had been shed in vain.

Page 7, bottom line, the words "a Republic" should be changed into the adjective—"republican."

Page 11, The abolitionists were in 1820 too feeble to be felt if they had been without allies. The opposition to the admission of Missouri was from political considerations, and the compromise met only the political view.

JACKSON AND LEE--AN ELOQUENT EULOGIUM.

In his address at Columbia, S. C., General Logan, (?) described Lee and Jackson in the following truthful and eloquent language:

"When we pass to the contemplation of our *departed* heroes there are *two* whose names are enrolled on the highest tablets of fame, who appear as prominent for their virtues as for their valor, for their moral and religious worth as for their martial fame. No people can exhibit higher types of character than those of Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee.

Jackson was emphatically the *hero* of our great struggle, beloved and admired by all. His military genius was only equalled by the unbounded confidence of the army in his invincibility. He was taken from us in the noonday blaze of his glory triumphant and victorious in his last flank movement. His brilliant, although short career, has impressed his followers and the world with the power and grandeur of genius when guided by deep religious principle. He was spared the last test to which the great Lee was subjected. It was the fate of Lee to survive the shock of battles, and after furnishing an example of what is due to his afflicted country by the soldier when overpowered and crushed he has left us a character pure, exalted and grand, to be loved, admired, revered.

I will not speak on this occasion of his genius as a great captain, but prefer to allude to him in his still greater character as a true, noble man. Lee as a successful general, the victor of many hard fought fields, *is great*; but Lee as the true Christian, the pure, unselfish man, seeking the path of duty and following it, whether in the hour of triumph or in the day of disaster, *is greater still*. Lee with the flush of victory upon him, as he is portrayed by the artist mounted on Traveller at Spotsylvania among his advancing regiments, *is grand*; but Lee writing to his faithful lieutenant, who had been wounded at Chancellorsville, "I congratulate *you* on the victory which is due to *your* skill and energy," *is grander still*.

Lee as described at the Wilderness, again at the head of his advancing lines, but forced to retire from the front by his men (uneasy for his safety) with the assurance that if he would go to the

rear they would go to the front, *is glorious!* but Lee after the repulse at Gettysburg, saying "All this is my fault," and assuming the responsibility for the reverse, *is more glorious still*—it is sublime—showing us how true greatness, generous and magnanimous, can bear itself in defeat. Lee's military genius is conceded, and he will unquestionably rank among the foremost captains of history; but Lee's noble manhood, exhibited in the hour of disaster at Appomattox, and in the subsequent days of adversity, is a priceless legacy, *as an example*, far more valuable than his military renown.

Lord Bacon has told us that success was the blessing of the Old Testament, *but adversity* that of the New, and that the virtues of *adversity* are of higher order than the virtues of success.

While Washington represents in the history of this country the virtues of success, Lee represents the virtues of adversity.

The classic matron was wont to study the lives of great heroes hoping thus to transmit to her sons their virtues, and their valor and in one sense there was deep philosophy in the idea, as the mother must herself *have become fully imbued* with the *spirit* of those virtues she would impart to her son. In the case of Lee, *both* parents revered and venerated Washington, and the happiest maternal influences presided over his infancy and youth. The love of the father for Washington naturally impressed itself upon the son, who adopted him as the ideal of his youth, as the model by which he sought to mould his own character. It is not surprising, therefore, that the good seed of Washington's example sown in such soil should have yielded an abundant harvest of virtues and of valor; and that we should accordingly have in Lee a greater even than Washington for our matrons to admire and honor, and for our youths to imitate.

Lee himself, then, is the choice fruit of Washington's example, and furnishes a distinguished illustration of the value of great exemplars in forming the character of youth. When we recollect that Lee, lavishly endowed by nature, was reared under these hallowed influences, that duty (which he styled the *sublimest* word in our language) was the key-note of his life, the pole-star of his every thought and action, and that he was ever sustained by his religion in this unwavering and conscientious adherence through life to the call of duty, we recognize the presence of every

essential for developing the most exalted of mankind. We had accordingly in Lee that *rare combination*, the highest order of genius with the purest morality of its day ; the supreme valor of an Alexander with the unswerving justice of an Aristides ; the brilliant talents of a Cæsar with the stern virtues of a Cato ; the transcendent genius of a Napoleon with the unselfish patriotism of a Washington :

"A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man."

We have accordingly in Lee the *last, best* gift of the Mother of States and Statesmen, uniting the valor of the warrior with the gentleness of woman ; the wisdom of the sage with the purity of the saint ; the virtue of the patriot with the humility of the Christian ; the brilliancy of genius with the simplicity of faith. We have accordingly in Lee the most perfect embodiment yet developed of the ideal manhood of our Christian civilization. Nature, birth, home influence, and social advantages, and his own aspirations for moral and Christian excellence, all combining most happily to produce in him the purest and greatest man of all the ages. May his grand character, as a bright example, a shining light, bless his countryman to remotest generations.

A CONFEDERATE HEROINE.

The following incident which was first related by the editor of this Magazine in a Memorial Address delivered in Newbern some years ago, is published at the request of a subscriber who clipped it from some newspaper publication of the time, and has forwarded it to the CAMP CHEST of OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD. The name of the lady has never been divulged for prudential reasons ; but it has been placed on record that her descendants will know who she was, and, if worthy of her, will be proud to claim their descent from such a heroic and daring daughter of the South.

The South was full of such heroines, and it is due to them that their deeds be published. The editor hopes that the narration

of this *fact* will cause hundreds more to be sent him. The "boys in gray" were not alone in glorious deeds—their mothers, wives, sisters, daughters and sweethearts vied with them in devotion to the cause, and posterity shall know their good works, if in our power to preserve and hand them down:

"News had been received at headquarters at Kinston, in November, 1862, that two Generals of the Federal army—one of them commanding in North Carolina, would, on a certain day, pass from Morehead to Newbern. It was advisable, in view of certain contemplated movements, to capture the train and secure the officers. At 10 o'clock P. M., I received orders to proceed at once to Trenton, take a detail of men from Major Nethercutt's command, and, if possible, on the day named, capture the train. At 2 A. M., I reached Trenton to find Major Nethercutt absent on one of his usual scouting expeditions. Awaiting his return at daylight, I made myself comfortable, and was about to indulge in a morning's nap when the clatter of the feet of a horse, at full gallop, caused me to step to the door of the Court House to see what was in the wind. The sentinel upon duty had halted the rider, and was receiving from him a paper to be delivered immediately to the officer in command. To my astonishment the note bore no address, and upon being opened the blank page of half a sheet of letter paper was all that met my eye. The rider, an elderly countryman, unknown to me, was breathing his jaded horse preparatory to return; but could give me no other information than this: About 1 o'clock A. M., he was roused from his slumbers, and on going to his door found a lady on horseback who gave him the note, and told him to take it at full speed to Trenton and give it to any Confederate officer he should find on duty there, as it contained important information. In a few moments thereafter, I was in the private room of a citizen of Trenton, and his kind wife was warming an iron for my use. Applied to the seemingly blank sheet of paper, heat soon enabled me to see what I desired. Foster had returned two days sooner than anticipated, and was to leave that very morning with a force most accurately detailed on the sheet before me, on an expedition, having, in my opinion, the railroad bridge at Weldon for its objective point. The object of my expedition being thus frustrated, I returned immediately to Kinston, and gave the information I

had procured through the intrepid daring of one of Newbern's daughters to the officer in command. Steps were promptly taken by the General Commanding the department, and such an array of troops was placed in front and upon the flanks of the Federal General as caused him rapidly to retrace his steps. The lady's name appended to that note has never been told—her secret has been locked in my breast—my superior officer, respecting my motive in desiring to keep it, only requiring my pledge that the writer was worthy of credit. I doubt whether the writer of that note ever knew into whose hands it fell or the good it accomplished. When I state she was a young lady, tenderly reared, and then in the very morning of maidenhood, her night ride at great personal risk, to convey useful information, can be properly appreciated."

PRISONERS OF WAR AND THEIR TREATMENT.

COL. WHARTON J. GREEN, WARRENTON, N. C.

Recrimination may be unprofitable as well as unchristian; but until men become "either more or less than men," it is sure to follow first assault. That bad blood begets bad blood and hot words anger, is not more true in personal than in National quarrels, especially if the National partakes of "the civil" nature.

Our own land furnishes a striking illustration of this recognized truism. Some half century since "professional" politicians began pelting each other with mud across the Potomac. It proved so profitable that the press and the preachers took it up, and each profession vied with the other in the intensity of abuse. This war of old women was begun partly for their own amusement, but more to impress an admiring world with their mock heroics and proficiency in "Billingsgate." The plea of the Southern side has ever been that they did not begin it; their's was the role of defendant or recriminator. But still the abuse and counter abuse continued. Is the result to be wondered at? Behold it. A generation rolled around, and these fiery gentlemen had provoked

the opportunity of proving themselves Paladins all, in deed as well as denunciation. But, as in others always do, they slighted the opportunity. Their ambition ran not in that channel. Almost to a man they declined the real for the mimic battle; but this they waged with renewed fury. In bureaus and bombproofs they taught others how to die, and claimed and reaped the glory of dying. The sum of sound expended by these "sons of thunder" in debate, almost drowned that produced by "villainous salt-petre" in battle.

True the real soldiers learned to despise the ranters, and it was fondly hoped for awhile that the entire class would after "war's stern alarms" be relegated to their proper status, that of the snarling, yelping, barking, bullying spaniel, whose province it is to provoke the death struggle between his betters.

Had such been a consequence of "the war," it had not been fought in vain. Had that most credulous of all creatures, "the dear people," learned to place the true valuation upon loud mouthed profession, and raised in tones not to be misunderstood, the battle-cry of the French army in Egypt: "Savans and jackasses to the rear," we repeat that a million of men, more or less, had not died to no purpose.

But alas! for the gullibility of human nature, "the day of dupes" ended not at Appomattox. The country is as easily cajoled by "rant and cant," after the terrible warning it has experienced, as when it flew to arms and poured out blood like water, the one side to show its faith in fanfaronade, the other to avert its results. The world is resolved to be governed by bathos or bayonets instead of brains. So long as it is, the noxious brood to which allusion is made, will never die. Office, aye, popular applause, has such attractions for the vile tribe, that they scruple not at any means to attain it. Unfortunately, vituperation opens the surest avenue to fickle favor in *free* governments. Few men have been more assailed than old Hobbs, for daring to assert that "war is the natural state of man." Be this as it may, the baser sort delight in few things more than to be regaled with abuse of others. It is flattering to the Pharisaical element in the nature of most men, and hence he who caters most to this morbid and depraved appetite, is most sure to rise to place and ephemeral power. Pit-

iful indeed must that man be, who would not scorn the use of such a ladder for the attainment of such selfish ends.

I am led to this train of reflections by the brief synoptical report of Mr. Blaine's late speech on amnesty, in which he revamps the stereotyped but almost obsolete stories of the "horrors of Andersonville;" and sets to work systematically to reopen old sectional sores generally. The animus of the gentleman is as transparent as his FACTS are fallacious.

The Republican nominating convention meets at an early day to select candidates for the approaching presidential contest. As hatred of the Southern States constitutes the corner stone of that party's platform, and has ever been its chief stock in trade, it becomes essential that those who aspire to its chief rewards should show their fealty in the one indispensible pre-requisite of rancor, ill-will and all uncharitableness. Already the auctioneer has mounted the block, hammer in hand as did the captain of the Pretorian guard when the Roman empire was knocked down to the highest bidder, a base slave, by name Diddius Julianus. The bidding is brisk. The masculine Mrs. Toodlesees are warmed up to their work; but so far the highest bidder is the tenant in possession. With stolid expression and contempt of speech, with cigar 'twixt thumb and dexter digit he points proudly to his official record as earnest of what he is willing to do. Feeling as he well may, secure in that regard, and having "nine points" of the law in his favor, he can afford to be serene and silent. Not so the expectant *outs* who are anxious for the tenement at "the other end of the avenue." "Going, going," cries the auctioneer, when up bounces Blaine and with gesture deprecatory forbids the fatal "gone," and then he puts in his little bid. It must have been a very thunderbolt in that auction room. We fancy that Grant growled, Morton moaned, Conkling recoiled, and Sherman (*fratres ambo*) shrieked when that bid was put in. Courage, gentlemen, the hammer hasn't fallen. "The next war and extermination," (Gen. Sherman's) "and eternal hate" (Mr. Blaine's) now head the list of bids against Gen. Grant's incomparable acts. "Going, going, who goes beyond. Be brisk, gentlemen, for the hammer is poised." Such the picture we depict of the competition for the next four years' lease of the government domain and 40,000,000

of serfs, gifts, patronage, stealage and all. If it is overdrawn we are open to criticism.

I say nothing against the soldiers performing in this little pantomime, for the military is a blood-thirsty profession, as Scylla, Alva, Tamerlane, Attila and Ghengis Khan abundantly prove. Messieurs Sherman and Grant would not and should not prove recreant to such glorious precedents. Mr. Blaine, however, has no such excuse. He is supposed to be a man of peace and steady habits, and *thrifty* withal, as his tax list on entering Congress and quitting the Speaker's chair attests. Its his "rebel atrocities to prisoners," which induces me to carry out a purpose long held in contemplation, and which under the circumstances would seem to amount to an imperative duty.

Perhaps a fable may not be considered an inapposite prelude to this self-imposed obligation. "A man and a lion were disputing about the respective prowess of their respective species. In order to settle the discussion the man showed his opponent a statue representing a man strangling a lion. 'Who made the statue?' quoth the lion."

Since the close of our late unfortunate war, we of the South have evinced a culpable readiness to let our antagonists do all the statue making, and they have assumed the charge of *chiseling* with wonderful alacrity. The consequence is that the other side cuts a very lame figure in the ephemeral productions of the day, whether in marble or bronze, in history or fiction, in congressional or pulpit polemics.

They have not only proven theirs *the heroic* side successful against overwhelming odds and vastly superior numbers, but they show too, that the other was a nation of banditti, fighting for pay, provant and plunder; whilst theirs was as immaculate, spotless and pure as an army of Sunday School children, with banners emblazoned with little sheep, and singing, "I'm glad I'm in this army."

They prove more (by statue.) For by that test they are the exclusive type of chivalry and magnanimity, of moderation in victory, of fortitude in defeat. They have demonstrated that whilst we were actuated by devilish hate, they were prompted to cut our throats through brotherly love.

Nay, more, they have proven (to their own satisfaction) that

whilst our prisoners of war were systematically tortured for the edification of their cruel jailors, theirs were warmly clad, luxuriously fed and housed, and subjected, for mere form's sake, to a nominal restraint. It is to refute this last assumption, simply, that I enter the lists, and the reason for such apparent egotism now proceed to state.

Towards the close of a long imprisonment and of the war, we were continually regaled with rebel outrages on prisoners. As at the time milk and honey were not included in our daily rations; nor fine linen, or better still, even indifferent shoddy issued as raiment, we were to use a euphemism of our keepers "a littled riled." Under the circumstances we did what free born Americans usually do, even when no longer free; called a mass meeting and *resolved*. The purport of the resolution was, in fine, to appoint a committee to report on the treatment of Confederate prisoners in Federal prison pens. That committee consisted of fourteen members, and was composed of one from each of the States represented in the Confederate armies. It was selected by that tried soldier and true gentleman, (our senior officer,) Gen. I. R. Trimble, of Baltimore. I remember only a part of them by name, but these will dignify the composition of the whole, viz: Gen. Jones, of Virginia; Col. Maxwell, of Florida; Col. Scales, of Mississippi; Gen. Miles, of Louisiana; Col. Provence, of Arkansas; Col. Fite, of Tennessee; Col. Smith, of Kentucky, and Col. Lewis, of Missouri. I had the honor to be chairman of that committee, and hence the assumption of the right to speak. Let my brother committeemen rebuke if I keep not within the strict pale of the truth. It was determined at our first meeting that nothing should be incorporated in the report upon mere hearsay evidence, however well authenticated; but only such general bad treatment and individual instances of brutality as had fallen under our own immediate observation, either there or at other prisons of war, some one or other of which had been the abode of some one of our number. And here let it be premised, that our then residence, Johnson's Island, was, by common consent of all prisoners, voted so far superior to every other of their prisons, that any prospect of a transfer was looked upon as a decided calamity. Especially was this the case after Gen. Shaler and his brigade of *soldiers* were sent to supersede the home guard battal-

ion, which had been enlisted as a prison guard, and stipulated at the time that they were not to be employed in any other capacity. The home guard remained, subject to Shaler's orders. It was not unusual to hear the *soldiers* say to the others, "If you had only caught these men you would know how to respect them;" and similar remarks.

Shaler was regarded a gentleman, and as one who tried to alleviate our lot as far as compatible with the orders of his chief, brute Staunton.

To return. The report was quite voluminous, and would probably have made a pamphlet of two or three hundred pages. It was smuggled through the lines to Richmond a few weeks before the surrender; but in the then unsettled condition of affairs, was either lost or destroyed. I say unhesitatingly, that if some of the facts therein certified could be made public, they would put to the blush the alleged atrocities at Andersonville, and which that poor Switzer, Wirz, atoned with his life. In view of the impossibility of this, I propose giving a few excerpts from memory as samples of the whole. It told of scant rations and semi-starvation, when their commissariat was replete to bursting; but that was bearable, as Confederate soldiers had learned to live like chameleons before giving up their arms, and did more than even Saxe permitted, who justified soldiers in complaining of the quantity but not the quality of their food. It told of nakedness and a meagre allowance of fuel in a climate where 20 and even 30 degrees helm was no unusual state of the thermometer. It told of hundreds and thousands of men, inured to comfort, sleeping "by reliefs" during the long cold winter nights, huddled together like pigs in order to double and treble their scanty bed covering, whilst others kept watch around the stoves until the hour arrived for a change of reliefs. With Lake Erie all around us, it told of our water supply being drawn from shallow wells, or rather holes in the ground, and fraught with the scum and odor of the sinks through which it steeped. Towards the close, this last abuse was abated in a measure by permitting details, under guard, to go to the lake once a day for a pure supply. It told of systematic robbery out of the slender supplies sent us by sympathizing friends. It told of the totally inadequate provision of medical supplies for the use of the hospital. To close the count

of general specifications, it told of a mortality rate greater by far, according to received authority, than that of any prison in the South. That of itself should be conclusive as regards the respective measure of bad treatment accorded to prisoners by the two governments. All this in the model prison on Johnson's Island, reserved almost exclusively for the safe keeping of officers.

We cull a few specimens of individual brutalities in this delightful abode, to fill up the interstices. One night a prisoner (in block 7, I think,) struck a match to light his pipe. Straightway a bullet from one of the guards came crashing through the room, whereby two other men were dangerously wounded. The sentinel was never punished. In a part of the yard set apart for the purpose, was a small hut, perhaps ten feet square, reserved for solitary confinement. On that ground the rest of us were not permitted to encroach. Most of the time it was occupied by a couple of poor fellows, accused of being spies. They were loaded with irons and denied privilege of speech to all others. Occasionally they were permitted the luxury of setting in the sunshine for a few minutes in the day. After awhile we saw only one. What became of the other I never knew. The winter of '64-'5 was, we were told, one of the most intensely cold ever known even in that latitude. For days at a time, the sentries could only remain in their beats for a few minutes before being relieved, all the time going at a "double quick" to keep from freezing. Muffled up in furs, overcoats and blankets, they were better prepared to remain outdoors than the shivering inmates within were to keep housed. Of course the suffering from cold was universal, and many were frost bitten. But the poor wretch in irons, what of him? We were told by the guard that manacled as he was, and unable to feed his stove, he had been frost bitten in almost every part of his body, the iron literally eating into the flesh, and that if his life was spared, he would be a hopeless cripple during the rest of it. If guilty even of the offence charged, hanging had been a mercy in comparison to the torture to which he was subjected. But Secretary Staunton was an artist in torture, and scorned the gentler method. We opine that in his own last hours, when racked by remorse to the consummation of self-slaughter, (as the story goes,) the ghost of this man, if ghost he had become, and that of Mrs. Surratt, might have headed the long and ghostly

procession of dead prisoners, Federal and Confederate, who yielded up their lives to his cold blooded, calculating policy of non-exchange.

It was no unusual sight, that of men, aye, gentlemen, fishing in the slop barrels for the chance of finding a stray crust on the surface, and when found, eating it with the avidity of starvation. Rats were regarded as legitimate game, and all that could be caught or killed went to pot. I had to mourn an old pet tom cat that shared the common fate, as his hide and claws too plainly testified.

Those of us who were transferred from Fort Delaware, bore evidence to the fact that our coffee ("so called" by courtesy) gave unmistakeable proof of having been made from water in direct open communication with the sink.

One Brigadier Schoepff (pronounce it who can,) was in command of that place. He was a German, as you will probably infer. So likewise was his Adjutant, the notorious Ahl. The General (it was whispered that he had formerly held position in the dining room of Willard's hotel, as head waiter,) was an odd compound. Affable and insolent, kind and cruel, plausible and vindictive. Unfortunately, however, the better attributes seemed to be only decoys to the unsuspecting, in order to enable him to gratify the worse. And here we feel constrained to enter our solemn conviction, based on a somewhat extensive experience, that men of that nationality, as a rule, make the most unfeeling of all jailers. The brace of worthies just named go far to establish the theory, as does Maj. Burton, who was second in command, to prove that the old army officers were almost invariably gentlemen. The two first named, among other outrages, put Col. Baxter Smith and Major Jack Thompson in the dark dungeon, on bread and water, for simply dissuading a prisoner against taking "the oath." After they had been so confined a day or two, Major Burton heard of it and demanded their immediate release, threatening in case of refusal to report the facts at Washington, and if not corrected there that he would throw up his commission. This same Shoepff likewise threatened to iron Col. Smith and the writer in case we refused to give our parole not to try to escape on being transferred to another prison. The parole was extorted under duress, but we were nevertheless closely

guarded, all the same as if it had not been. Col. Lewis of Missouri, one of the committee, (and an eloquent Methodist divine,) among other details of the treatment at Alton, if I am not mistaken, certified that during the prevalence of small-pox at that place, the infected were not separated from the other prisoners; and that when they died were permitted in numbers of cases to remain unburied until putrefaction set in. He told too of a little lad, fifteen or sixteen years old, of his command, the only son of a widowed mother who was shot and killed by a sentry for only looking at the brute, when ordered not to. The murderer was promoted to a sergeantcy.

These details are only specimens of what that report contained. They are not a tithe; but they suffice to corroborate the assumption that all the hardships of prison life were not monopolized by those who wore the blue. They somehow too bring to mind a homely old saw pertaining to glass houses. That there were hardships incidental to prison life at the South, as there are to confinement under all aspects, no one will deny. That there were equal, if not greater hardships associated with the war imprisonment at the North is susceptible of absolute demonstration. Conceding a parity between the two for the sake of argument and ours is the more venial side. When the entertainer gives the best he has, the guest has no right to complain. If, however, he is revelling on the fat of the land and expects his company to be content with a bone, he must likewise expect that the individual is of a very meek and humble nature.

Such we consider an apposite illustration of the relative parties in the discussion. Its true that whilst with us, "*nos amis, les ennemis*," fared not as sumptuously as they might have done in their own rich camps; but it is no less true that they did fully as well as our troops did in the trenches. We claim thus much for Southern hospitality. Can hospitality go further? Can as much be said for the other side? We have anticipated the answer.

[From the New York Tribune.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.**SECRET HISTORY OF HIS RELEASE.**

The Charges of Complicity in the Assassination of President Lincoln and of Cruelty to Prisoners—Evidence from the Confederate Archives—Mr. Greeley's Sacrifices—The Bondsmen.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

SIR—I apprehend no one will accuse me with having ever harbored disunion proclivities, or of any inclination toward secession heresies. But truth is truth, justice is justice, and an act of proposed magnanimity should not be impaired by both an untruth and an injustice. The statement in the House of Representatives on Thursday last, made by Gen. Banks during the debate on the proposed Amnesty bill, was more entirely correct than, perhaps, he had reason to credit.

What I now relate are facts: Mr. Horace Greeley received a letter, dated June 22, 1865, from Mrs. Jefferson Davis. It was written at Savannah, Georgia, where Mrs. Davis and her family were then detained under a sort of military restraint. Mr. Davis himself, recently taken prisoner, was at Fortress Monroe; and the most conspicuous special charge threatened against him by the "Bureau of Military Justice" was, of the guilty knowledge relating to the assassination of President Lincoln. The principal purpose of the letter was imploring Mr. Greeley to bring about a speedy trial of her husband upon that charge, and upon all other supposed cruelties that were preferred against him. A public trial was prayed that the accusations might be as publicly met, and her husband, as she insisted could be done, readily vindicated. To this letter Mr. Greeley at once forwarded an answer for Mrs. Davis, directed to the care of Gen. Burge, commanding our military forces at Savannah. The morning of the next day Mr. Greeley came to my residence in this city, placed the letter from Mrs. Davis in my hand, saying that he could not believe the charge to be true; that aside from the enormity and want of object, it would have been impolitic in Mr. Davis, or any other leader in the Southern States, as they could not but be aware of

Mr. Lincoln's naturally kind heart and good intentions toward them all; and Mr. Greeley asked me to become professionally interested in behalf of Mr. Davis. I called to Mr. Greeley's attention that, although I was like-minded with himself as to this one view of the case, yet there was the other pending charge of cruel treatment of our Union soldiers while prisoners at Andersonville and other places, and that, unless our Government was willing to have it imputed that Wirz was convicted and his sentence of death inflicted unjustly, it could not now overlook the superior who was, at least, popularly regarded as the moving cause of those wrongs; and that if Mr. Davis had been guilty of such breach of the rules for the conduct of war in modern civilization, he was not entitled to the right of, nor to be manumitted as, a mere prisoner of war. I expressed the thought that my services before a military tribunal would be of little benefit. I hesitated; but finally told Mr. Greeley that I would consult with some of our common friends, whose countenance would give strength to such an undertaking, if it was discovered to be right, and that none but Republicans and some of the radical kind were likely to be of positive aid; indeed, any other would have been injurious. It occurred to me, from recollecting conversations with Mr. Henry Wilson, the previous April, while we were together at Hilton Head, South Carolina, that if Mr. Davis were guiltless of this latter offence, an avenue might be opened for a speedy trial, or for his manumission as any other prisoner of war. I did consult with such friends, and Mr. Henry Wilson, Gov. John A. Andrew, Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, and Mr. Gerrit Smith, were among them. The result was that I thereupon undertook to do whatever became feasible. Although not in strictness required to elucidate our present intent, it is, nevertheless, becoming the history of the case simply to mention that Mr. Charles O'Connor was, from the first, esteemed the most valuable man to lead for the defense by Mr. Greeley and Mr. Gerrit Smith. A Democrat of pronounced repute, still his appearance would impart no partisan aspect to the great argument, and would excite no feelings but those of admiration and respect among even extreme men of opposite opinion. Public expectation looked to him, and soon after it was made known that he had already volunteered his services to Mr. Davis. Mr. O'Connor's course during the war was

decided, understood, and consistent, but never offensive nor intrusive; his personal honor without reproach; his courage without fear; his learning, erudition, and propriety of professional judgment conceded as most eminent.

There was a general agreement among the gentlemen of the Republican party whom I have mentioned, that Mr. Davis did not by thought or act participate in a conspiracy against Mr. Lincoln; and none of those expressed that conviction more emphatically than Mr. Thaddeus Stevens. The single subject on which light was desired by them was concerning the treatment of our soldiers while in the hands of the enemy. The *Tribune* of May 17, 1865, tells the real condition of feeling at that moment, and unequivocally shows that it was not favorable to Mr. Davis on this matter. At the instance of Mr. Greeley, Mr. Wilson, and as I was given to understand, of Mr. Stevens, I went to Canada the first week in January, 1866, taking Boston on my route, there to consult with Gov. Andrew and others. While at Montreal, Gen. John C. Breckinridge came from Toronto, at my request, for the purpose of giving me information. There I had placed in my possession the official archives of the Government of the Confederate States, which I read and considered, especially all those messages and other acts of the Executive with the Senate in its secret sessions concerning the care and exchange of prisoners. I found that the supposed inhuman and unwarlike treatment of their own captured soldiers by agents of our Government was a most prominent and frequent topic. That those reports current then, perhaps even to this hour, in the South, were substantially incorrect, is little to the practical purpose. From those documents, not made to meet the public eye but used in secret session, and from inquiries by me of those thoroughly conversant with the state of Southern opinion at the time, it was manifest that the people of the South believed those reports to be trustworthy, and they individually, and through their representatives at Richmond, pressed upon Mr. Davis, as the Executive and as the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, instant recourse to active measures of retaliation, to the end that the supposed cruelties might be stayed. Mr. Davis' conduct under such urgency, and, indeed, expostulation, was a circumstance all-important in determining the probability of this charge as to himself. It was

equally and decisively manifest, by the same sources of information, that Mr. Davis steadily and unflinchingly set himself in opposition to the indulgence of such demands, and declined to resort to any measure of violent retaliation. It impaired his personal influence, and brought much censure upon him from many in the South, who sincerely believed the reports spread among the people to be really true. The desire that something should be attempted from which a better care of prisoners could be secured seems to have grown so strong and prevalent that, on July 2, 1863, Mr. Davis accepted the proffered service of Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, the Vice-President, to proceed as a military commissioner to Washington. The sole purpose of Mr. Davis in allowing that mission appears from the said documents which I read, to have been to place the war on the footing of such as are waged by civilized people in modern times, and to divest it of a savage character which, it was claimed, had been pressed on it in spite of all effort and protest; and alleged instances of such savage conduct were named and averred. This project was prevented, as Mr. Stephens was denied permission by our Administration to approach Washington, and intercourse with him prohibited. On his return, after this rejected effort to produce a mutual kindness in the treatment of prisoners, Southern feeling became more unquiet on the matter than ever; yet it clearly appears that Mr. Davis would not yield to the demand for retaliation.

The evidence tending to show this to be the true condition of the case as to Mr. Davis himself, was brought by me and submitted to Mr. Greeley, and in part to Mr. Wilson. The result was, these gentlemen, and those others in sympathy with them, changed their former suspicion to a favorable opinion and a friendly disposition. They were from this time kept informed of each movement as made to liberate Mr. Davis or to compel the Government to bring the prisoner to trial. All this took place before counsel, indeed, before any one acting on his behalf, was allowed to communicate with or to see him.

The *Tribune* now at once began a series of leading editorials, demanding that our Government proceed with the trial; and on January 16, 1866, incited by those editorials, Senator Howard, of Michigan, offered a joint resolution, aided by Mr. Sumner, "re-

commending the trial of Jefferson Davis and Clement C. Clay, before a military tribunal or court-martial, for charges mentioned in the report of the Secretary of War, of March 4, 1866." It will be interesting to mention now that if a trial proceeded in this manner, I was then credibly informed Mr. Thaddeus Stevens had volunteered as counsel for Mr. Clay.

After it had become evident that there was no immediate prospect of any trial, if any prospect at all, the counsel for Mr. Davis became anxious that their client be liberated on bail, and one of them consulted with Mr. Greeley as to the feasibility of procuring some names as bondsmen of persons who had conspicuously opposed the war of secession. This was found quite easy; and Mr. Gerritt Smith and Commodore Vanderbilt were selected, and Mr. Greeley, in case his name should be found necessary. All this could not have been accomplished had not those gentlemen, and those in sympathy with them, been already convinced that those charges against Mr. Davis were unfounded in fact. So an application was made on June 11, 1866, to Mr. Justice Underwood, at Alexandria, Va., for a writ of *habeas corpus*, which, after argument, was denied, upon the ground that "Jefferson Davis was arrested under a proclamation of the President, charging him with complicity in the assassination of the late President Lincoln. He has been held," says the decision, "ever since, and is now held, as a military prisoner." The Washington *Chronicle* of that date insisted that "the case is one well entitled to a trial before a military tribunal; the testimony before the Judiciary Committee of the House, all of it bearing directly, if not conclusively, on a certain intention to take the life of Mr. Lincoln, is a most important element in the case." This was reported as from the pen of Mr. John W. Forney himself, then Clerk of the Senate, and is cited by me as an expression of a general tone of the press on that occasion. Then, the House of Representatives, on the motion of Mr. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, the following day passed a resolution "that it was the opinion of the House that Jefferson Davis should be held in custody as a prisoner and subject to trial according to the laws of the land." It was adopted by a vote of 105 to 19.

It is very suggestive to reflect just here that, in the intermediate time, Mr. Clement C. Clay had been discharged from im-

prisonment without being brought to trial on either of these charges, upon which he had been arrested, and for which arrest the \$100,000 reward had been paid.

This failure to liberate Mr. Davis would have been very discouraging to most of men—but Mr. Greeley, and those friends who were acting with him, determined to meet the issue made, promptly and sharply, and to push the Government to a trial of its prisoner, or to withdraw its charge made by its Board of Military Justice. The point was soon sent home, and was felt. Mr. Greeley hastened back to New York, and *The Tribune* of June 12, 1866, contained, in a leader from his pen, this unmistakable demand and protest:

How and when did Davis become a prisoner of war? He was not arrested as a public enemy, but as a felon, officially charged, in the face of the civilized world, with the foulest, most execrable guilt—that of having suborned assassins to murder President Lincoln—a crime the basest and most cowardly known to mankind. It was for this that \$100,000 was offered and paid for his arrest. And the proclamation of Andrew Johnson and William H. Seward, offering this reward, says his complicity with Wilkes Booth & Co., is established “by evidence now in the Bureau of Military Justice.” So there was no need of time to hunt it up.

It has been asserted that Davis is responsible for the death by exposure and famine of our captured soldiers, and his official position gives plausibility to the charge. Yet, while Henry Wirz—a miserable wretch—a mere tool of tools—was long ago arraigned, tried, convicted, sentenced, and hanged for this crime—no charge has been officially preferred against Davis. So we presume none is to be.

The Tribune kept up repeating this demand during the following part of that year, and admonished the Government of the increasing absurdity of its position, not daring, seemingly, to prosecute a great criminal against whom it had officially declared it was possessed of evidence to prove that crime. On November 9, 1866, *The Tribune* again thus emphasized this thought:

Eighteen months have nearly elapsed since Jefferson Davis was made a State prisoner. He had previously been publicly charged by the President of the United States, with conspiring to assassinate President Lincoln, and \$100,000 offered for his capture

thereupon. The capture was promptly made and the money duly paid, yet, up to this hour, there has not been even an attempt made by the Government to procure an indictment on that charge. He has, also, been publicly, if not officially, accused of complicity in the virtual murder of Union soldiers, while prisoners of war, by subjecting them to needless, inhuman exposure, privation and abuse; but no official attempt has been made to indict him on that charge. * * A great government may deal sternly with offenders, but not meanly; it cannot afford to seem unwilling to repair an obvious wrong.

The Government, however, continued to express its inability to proceed with the trial. Another year had passed since the capture of Mr. Davis, and now another attempt to liberate him by bail was to be made. The Government, by its conduct, having tacitly abandoned those special charges of inhumanity, a petition for a writ was to be presented by which the prisoner might be handed over to the civil authority to answer the indictment for treason. In aid of this project, Mr. Wilson, Chairman of the Committee of Military Affairs, offered in the Senate, on the 18th. of March, 1867, a resolution urging the Government to proceed with the trial. The remarkable thoughts and language of that resolution were observed at the time and necessarily caused people to infer that Mr. Wilson, at least, was not under the too common delusion that the Government really had a case on either of those two particular charges against Mr. Davis individually; and a short time after this Mr. Wilson went to Fortress Monroe and saw Mr. Davis. The visit was simply friendly, and not for any purpose relating to his liberation.

On May 14, 1867, Mr. Davis was delivered to the civil authority; was at once admitted to bail, Mr. Greeley and Mr. Gerrit Smith going personally to Richmond, in attestation of their belief that wrong had been done to Mr. Davis in holding him so long accused upon these charges, now abandoned, and as an expression of magnanimity toward the South, Commodore Vanderbilt, then but recently the recipient of the thanks of Congress for his superb aid to the Government during the war, was also represented there, and signed the bond through Mr. Horace F. Clark, his son-in-law, and Mr. Augustus Schell, his friend.

The apparent unwillingness of the Government to prosecute,

under every incentive of pride and honor to the contrary, was accepted by those gentlemen and the others, whom I have mentioned, as a confirmation given to me at Montreal, and of its entire accuracy.

These men—Andrew, Greeley, Smith and Wilson—have each passed from this life. The history of their efforts to bring all parts of our common country once more and abidingly into unity, peace and concord, and of Mr. Greeley's enormous sacrifice to compel justice to be done to one man, and he an enemy, should be written.

I will add a single incident tending the same way. In a consultation with Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, at his residence on Capitol Hill, at Washington, in May, 1866, he related to me how the Chief of this "Military Bureau" showed him "the evidence" upon which the proclamation was issued charging Davis and Clay with complicity in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. He said that he refused to give the thing any support, and that he told that gentleman the evidence was insufficient in itself, and incredible. I am not likely ever to forget the earnest manner in which Mr. Stevens then said to me: "Those men are no friends of mine. They are public enemies; and I would treat the South as a conquered country and settle it politically upon the policy best suited for ourselves. But I know these men, Sir. They are gentlemen, and incapable of being assassins."

Yours faithfully,

GEO. SHEA,

No. 205 West Forty-sixth street, New York, Jan. 15, 1876.

Jefferson Davis in Reply to Blaine.

CHARGES PROOUNCED FALSE AND MALICIOUS.

His Efforts in behalf of an Exchange of Prisoners—The Mortality in Federal and Confederate Prisons Contrasted.

Mr. James Lyons, of Richmond, Va., having addressed a letter to Mr. Jefferson Davis, begging him to answer the recent speech of ex-Speaker Blaine in the House on the amnesty bill, Mr. Davis has responded. We give Mr. Davis' letter in full:

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 27, 1876.

HON. JAMES LYON—*My Dear Friend:* Your very kind letter of the 14th instant was forwarded from Memphis, and has been received at this place.

I have been so long the object of malignant slander and the subject of unscrupulous falsehood by partisans of the class of Mr. Blaine, that though I cannot say it has become to me a matter of indifference, it has ceased to excite my surprise even in this instance, when it reaches the extremity of accusing me of cruelty to prisoners. What matters it to one whose object is personal and party advantage that the records, both Federal and Confederate, disprove the charge; that the country is full of witnesses who bear oral testimony against it, and that the effort to revive the bitter animosities of the war, obstructs the progress toward the reconciliation of the sections? It is enough for him if his self-seeking purpose be promoted.

It would, however, seem probable that such expectations must be disappointed, for only those that are wilfully blind can fail to see in the circumstances of the case the fallacy of Mr. Blaine's statements. The published fact of an attempt to suborn Wirz, when under sentence of death, by promising him pardon if he would criminate me in regard to the Andersonville prisoners, is conclusive as to the wish of the Government to make such a charge against me, and the failure to do so shows that nothing could be found to sustain it. May we not say the evidence of my innocence was such that Holt and Conover, with their trained band of suborned witnesses, dared not make against me this

charge—the same which Wirz for his life, would not make, but which Blaine, for the presidential nomination, has made?

Now let us review the leading facts of this case. The report of the Confederate Commissioner for exchange of prisoners shows how persistent and liberal were our efforts to secure the relief of captives. Failing in those attempts, I instructed General R. E. Lee to go under flag of truce and seek an interview with General Grant, to represent to him the suffering and death of Federal prisoners held by us, to explain the causes which were beyond our control, and to urge in the name of humanity the observance of the cartel for the exchange of prisoners. To this, as to all previous appeals, a deaf ear was turned. I will not attempt from memory, to write the report made to me of the incidents of this mission. Lee no longer lives to defend the cause and country he loved so well and served so efficiently; but General Grant cannot fail to remember so extraordinary a visit, and his objections to executing the cartel are well known to the public. But whoever else may choose to forget my efforts in this regard, the prisoners at Andersonville and the delegates I permitted them to send to President Lincoln to plead for the resumption of exchange of prisoners, cannot fail to remember how willing I was to restore them to their homes and to the comforts of which they were in need, provided the imprisoned soldiers of the Confederacy should be in like manner released and returned to us.

This bold accusation, though directed specially against me, was no doubt intended as, and naturally must be, the arraignment of the South, by whose authority and in whose behalf my deeds were done. It may be presumed that the feelings and the habits of the southern soldiers were understood by me, and in that connection any fair mind would perceive in my congratulatory orders to the army after a victory, in which the troops were most commended for their tenderness and generosity to the wounded and other captives, as well as the instincts of the person who issued the order as the knightly temper of the soldiers to whom it was addressed. It is admitted that the prisoners in our hands were not as well provided for as we would, but it is claimed that we did as well for them as we could. Can the other side say as much?

To the bold allegations of ill-treatment of prisoners by our

side, and humane treatment and adequate supplies by our opponents, it is only necessary to add two facts—first, it appears from the reports of the United States War Department that though we had sixty thousand more Federal prisoners than they had of Confederates, six thousand more of Confederates died in northern prisons than died of Federals in southern prisons; second, the want and suffering of men in northern prisons caused me to ask for permission to send out cotton and buy supplies for them. The request was granted, but only on condition that the cotton should be sent to New York and the supplies be bought there. General Beale, now of St. Louis, was authorized to purchase and distribute the needful supplies.

Our sympathy rose with the occasion and responded to its demands—not waiting for ten years, then to vaunt itself when it could serve no good purpose to the sufferers.

Under the mellowing influence of time, occasion and demonstrations at the North of a desire for the restoration of peace and good will, the southern people have forgotten much—have forgiven much of the wrongs they bore. If it be less so among their invaders, it is but another example of the rule that the wrong-doer is less able to forgive than he who has suffered causeless wrong. It is not, however, generally among those who braved the hazards of battle that unrelenting vindictiveness is to be found. The brave are generous and gentle. It is the skulkers of the fight—the Blaines—who display their flags on an untended field. They made no sacrifice to prevent the separation of the States. Why should they be expected to promote the confidence and good will essential to their union.

When closely confined at Fortress Monroe, I was solicited to add my name to those of many esteemed gentlemen who had signed a petition for my pardon, and an assurance was given that on my doing so the President would order my liberation. Confident of the justice of our cause and the rectitude of my own conduct, I declined to sign the petition, and remained subject to the inexcusable privations and tortures which Dr. Craven has but faintly described. When, after two years of close confinement, I was admitted to bail, as often as required I appeared for trial under the indictment found against me, but in which Mr. Blaine's fictions do not appear. The indictment was finally quashed on

no application of mine; nor have I ever evaded or avoided a trial upon any charge the General Government might choose to bring against me, and have no view of the future which makes it desirable to me to be included in an amnesty bill.

Viewed in the abstract or as a general question, I would be glad to see the repeal of all laws inflicting the penalty of political disabilities on classes of the people that it might, as prescribed by the Constitution, be left to the courts to hear and decide causes, and to affix penalties according to pre-existing legislation. The discrimination made against our people is unjust and impolitic, if the fact be equality and the purpose be fraternity among the citizens of the United States. Conviction and sentence without a hearing, without jurisdiction, and affixing penalties for *ex post facto* legislation, are part of the proceeding which had its appropriate end in the assumption by Congress of the Executive function of granting pardons. To remove political disabilities which there was not legal power to impose, was not an act of so much grace as to form a plausible pretext for the reckless diatribe of Mr. Blaine.

The papers preserved by Dr. Stevenson happily furnish full proof of the causes of disease and death at Andersonville. They are now, I believe, in Richmond, and it is to be hoped their publication will not be much longer delayed. I have no taste for recrimination, though the sad recitals made by our soldiers, returned from northern prisons, can never be forgotten. And you will remember the excitement these produced, and the censorious publications which were uttered against me because I would not visit on the helpless prisoners in our hands such barbarities as, according to reports, had been inflicted upon our men.

Imprisonment is a hard lot at the best, and prisoners are prone to exaggerate their sufferings, and such was probably the case on both sides. But we did not seek by reports of committees, with photographic illustrations, to inflame the passions of our people. How was it with our enemy? Let one example suffice. You may remember a published report of a committee of the United States Congress, which was sent to Annapolis to visit some exchanged prisoners, and which had appended to it the photographs of some emaciated subjects, which were offered as samples of prisoners returned from the South.

When a copy of that report was received I sent it to Colonel Ould, commissioner for the exchange of prisoners, and learned, as I anticipated, that the photographs, as far as they could be identified, had been taken from men who were in our hospital when they were liberated for exchange, and whom the hospital surgeon regarded as convalescent but too weak to be removed with safety to themselves. The anxiety of the prisoners to be sent to their homes had prevailed over the objections of the surgeon. But this is not all; for I have recently learned from a priest, who was then at Annapolis, that the most wretched-looking of these photographs was taken from a man who had never been a prisoner, but who had been left on the "sick list" at Annapolis when the command to which he was attached had passed that place on its southward march.

Whatever may be said in extenuation of such imposture because of the exigencies of war, there can be no such excuse now for the attempts of Mr. Blaine, by gross misrepresentation and slanderous accusation, to revive the worst passions of the war; and it is to be hoped that, much as the event is to be regretted, it will have the good effect of evoking truthful statements in regard to this little understood subject from men who would have preferred to leave their sorrowful story untold if the subject could have been allowed peacefully to sink into oblivion.

Mutual respect is needful for the common interest, is essential to a friendly union, and when slander is promulgated from high places, the public welfare demands that truth should strip falsehood of its power for evil.

I am, respectfully and truly, your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

[From the New York Sun, February 23, 1876.]

BEAUREGARD ON SHERMAN.

CONVICTING THE GENERAL FROM HIS OWN MEMOIRS.

Not Civilized Warfare, but Murder—Prisoners of War Marched over a Road Supposed to be Planted with Torpedoes.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 15th 1876.

MY DEAR SIR: I regret to find from your letter of inquiry that Gen. Sherman seeks to excuse one of those violations of the rules of civilized warfare which characterized his campaign through Georgia and South Carolina by the easily refuted slander to which you call my attention, namely, that in his employment of Confederate prisoners during that campaign to search for and dig up torpedoes, he acted "only in retaliation" for like employment of Federal prisoners by Confederate commanders—an assertion reckless even for Gen. Sherman, whose heedlessness of what he writes and speaks was notorious before the appearance of his Memoirs.

I myself can recall no occasion when Federal prisoners were or could have been employed as alleged by that General, even had it been legitimate and not a shocking inhumanity to do so; that is to say, I don't believe Gen. Sherman can specify, with date, any place that came into the possession of the Confederates during the war where torpedoes were planted, which they had to remove either by resort to the use of Federal prisoners or any other means. There certainly was never such a place or occasion in the departments which I commanded.

I recollect distinctly, however, learning immediately after the fall of Savannah that Gen. Sherman himself had put Confederate prisoners to this extraordinary use in his approach to that city, as also after the capture of Fort McAllister, and I thereupon made, through my chief of staff, Col. G. W. Brent, a requisition on our Commissary of Prisoners of War, Gen. Winder, for a detachment of Federal prisoners, to be employed in retaliation should the occasion occur. I further recollect that Gen. Winder answered that under his instructions from the Confederate War

Department he could not comply ; also, that in his belief prisoners could not rightfully be so employed.

That Gen. Sherman, as I had heard, at the time did so employ his prisoners stands of record at page 194, vol. 2, of his Memoirs :

" On the 8th (December, 1864), as I rode along I found the column turned out of the main road marching through the fields. Close by one of the corners of the fence was a group of men standing around a handsome young officer whose foot had been blown to pieces by a torpedo planted in the road ; he told me that he was riding along with the rest of his brigade staff of the Seventeenth Corps, when a torpedo, trodden on by his horse, had exploded, killing the horse and literally blowing off all of the flesh from one of his legs. I saw the terrible wound, and made full inquiry into the facts. There had been no resistance at that point, nothing to give warning of the danger: the rebels had planted 8 inch shells in the road, with friction matches to explode them by being trodden on. This was not war but murder and it made me very angry. I immediately ordered a lot of rebel prisoners to be brought from the provost guard, with picks and spades, and *made them march in close order* along the road *so as to explode* or discover and dig them up. They begged hard, but I reiterated the order, and could hardly help laughing at their stepping so gingerly along the road, where it was supposed sunken torpedoes might explode at each step, but they found no other until near Fort McAllister."

Here we have his own confession that he pushed a mass of unarmed men, prisoners of war, ahead of his column to explode torpedoes which he apprehended were placed in the approaches to a strongly fortified position, his ability to carry which he greatly doubted, as may be seen from his Memoirs.

He does not there pretend that he acted in retaliation at all, but because, forsooth, he was angry that one of his officers had been badly wounded by a torpedo which had been planted in his path, "without giving warning of danger." Surely his own narrative, with its painful levity, gives as bad a hue to the affair as Gen. Sherman's worst enemies could wish.

It remains to be said that he omitted mention of another instance of this unwarrantable employment of prisoners of war.

After Gen. Hazen (on Dec. 13, 1864), had handsomely assaulted and carried Fort McAllister, Gen. Sherman, in person, ordered the Confederate engineer officer of the fort, with sixteen men of that garrison then prisoners of war, to remove all the torpedoes in front of the fort which might remain unexploded—gallant soldiers, who under their commander, Major G. W. Anderson, had "only succumbed as each man was individually overpowered," (Gen. Hazen's official report). Major Anderson in his report says: "This hazardous duty (removal of the torpedoes) was performed without injury to any one; but it appearing to me an unwarrantable and improper treatment of prisoners of war, I have thought it right to refer to it in this report."

Gen. Sherman might, with equal right, have pushed a body of prisoners in front of an assaulting column to serve as a gabion roller.

His manner of relating the incident, which I have quoted in his own words, is calculated to give the impression that the use of torpedoes is something so abhorrent in regular warfare that he could subject his unarmed prisoners to the hazard of exploding them and deserve credit for the act—a strange obliquity in the general-in-chief of an army which has at the present moment a special torpedo corps attached to it as an important defensive resource to fortified places—in one who, moreover, was carefully taught at West Point how to plant the equivalent of torpedoes, as known to engineers of that day, *i. e.* crows' feet, *trou de loup*, fougasses mines.

For my own part, from the day of the capitulation of Fort Sumter in 1861, when, in order to save a brave soldier and his command from all unnecessary humiliation, I allowed Major Robert Anderson the same terms offered before the attack, and to salute his flag with fifty guns and go forth with colors flying and drums beating, taking off company and private property, down to the close of the war, I always favored and practised the most liberal treatment of prisoners. At the same time, however, I always urged the policy of rigid and prompt retaliation, at all cost, for every clear infraction of the settled laws of war; for history shows it to be the only effectual method of recalling an enemy from inhuman courses. Washington never hesitated to apply this painful remedy during our Revolutionary war.

I am yours most truly,

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

A LETTER FROM GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY.

**Treatment of Federal Prisoners in Confederate Prisons---
General John H. Winder.**

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Now that the subject of the treatment of prisoners of war on both sides during the late war has been re opened, it has occurred to me that it would not be inappropriate to do an act of simple justice to an officer and gentleman whose conduct and character have been grossly misrepresented, and upon whose memory a vast deal of unjust obloquy has been cast.

Some months ago Capt. W. S. Winder, the son of General John H. Winder, sent to me, with a request for my advice as to its publication, a letter from the late Colonel George W. Brent, of Alexandria, who was for some time connected with the Army of Tennessee (Confederate) as Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General, and was with General Beauregard in the South in the winter of 1864-'65; and a short time before the opening of the late debate in Congress on the Amnesty bill, Captain Winder sent me also a letter from the Hon. James A. Seddon, written to him in December last. He feels a very natural and laudable desire to vindicate the memory of his father, who died a short time before the surrender of the Confederate armies, and therefore had no opportunity of defending himself against the charges that have been made against him since the close of the war. In order to relieve Capt. Winder, who was for a time my comrade and friend in exile, of the embarrassment he labors under in regard to appearing in print in defense of his father, I take the responsibility of publishing both the letters referred to while the public attention is directed to the subject of which they treat. The fact stated by Col. Brent is a very pregnant one to prove that General Winder was not actuated by the fiendish spirit attributed to him by many northern men; for if Sherman in fact proved himself to be in a small way the precursor of the dynamite experimentalist by planting torpedoes and shells on the Atlanta and West Point railroad, thus jeopardizing the lives of the unoffending negroes who might be employed to repair it, and perhaps the lives of innocent women and children travelling over the road, it would

probably have been a justifiable act to employ some of the Federal prisoners to prevent the mischief designed by their own friends : and the fact that General Winder refused to obey the call upon him for prisoners to be employed in that way, shows how scrupulous he was in the observance of the rules of war and humanity, and that he was incapable of the acts of barbarity imputed to him by his accusers.

The letter of the Hon. James A. Seddon is a strong and convincing vindication of General Winder's character as a humane and honorable man. That the bigoted and prejudiced on the other side shall effect to disbelieve and disregard the statements of both Colonel Brent and Mr. Seddon is to be expected ; but candid men of all sides must concede that the letter of Colonel Brent, written at a time when not only he could have no motive for misstating the fact to which he refers, but when his statement might by some be thought to be prejudicial to the officer on whose staff he occupied a prominent position, bears on its face the evidence of the truth of what he says ; and the character of Mr. Seddon will command for his statement the credence of all fair-minded men.

Without intending to enter into the discussion of the treatment of prisoners on either side, for it so happened that during the whole war I saw neither the inside nor the outside of any prison for the custody of prisoners of war, Confederate or Federal, I may be permitted to refer to a specimen of the kind of testimony that was taken before the commission that tried poor Witz, or Mrs. Surratt and others, I forget which, for the inquiry in both cases assumed a very wide range, to prove barbarity at the Andersonville prison. Boston Corbett, who shot Wilkes Booth, was introduced as a witness, and among other things he swore that, being confined at Andersonville as a prisoner of war, he and one or more other prisoners made their escape ; that bloodhounds, kept for the purpose of hunting down escaped prisoners, were put on their tracks ; that he took refuge in a thicket of brush-wood, where he lay down, and that one of the bloodhounds got so near as to rub its nose against his nose. When asked if the hound discovered him, and if so how it was that it did him no harm, he replied, very coolly, that the hound did not notice him, and he made his escape, and he supposed it was because he served the

same Lord that Daniel served when he was cast into the den of lions!

I will also reproduce, with a few comments thereon, an order issued by the War Department at Washington the 3rd of July, 1863, while the battle of Gettysburg was being fought, by which it was declared that all paroles not given at certain places specified in the cartel of July, 1862, or by mutual agreement between the commanders of the two opposing armies, would be disregarded, and the persons giving them would be returned to duty without exchange. I republish the order now because, so far as I have seen, it has not been referred to by those who have undertaken to vindicate the Confederate Government on the question of the treatment of prisoners of war. It is very manifest that that order was issued for the purpose of embarrassing General Lee's army with the guarding and feeding of the prisoners, amounting to several thousand, then in our hands; and in consequence of the order, information of which reached us immediately, General Lee sent a flag of truce to Meade on the 4th of July, after the close of the battle, with a proposition to exchange prisoners. The latter declined the proposition, alleging a want of authority to make the exchange, or from his own views of polity, he positively declined to entertain the proposition; I am not certain which.

According to the laws of war in the earliest ages, a captive in war forfeited his life. Subsequently, in the cause of humanity, the penalty of death was commuted to slavery for life; and this continued to be a law of war for more than one half of the Christian era, notwithstanding it has been so often said that slavery disappeared in Europe before the spirit of Christianity; in fact, it was the number of captives in war reduced to slavery from among the Sclavi or Sclavonians, in the eighth century, under the bulwark of the Church, Charlemagne, that caused the distinctive and modern appellation of "slaves" to be applied to all those held to involuntary servitude. In the age of chivalry, when knights-errant, and more especially the Crusaders, wanted money more than they did slaves, they sold their slaves their freedom, and the practice of releasing prisoners for a ransom was resorted to, and continued to be a law of war until a comparatively modern date, when with the growth of regular armies the practice of releasing prisoners on parole became a recognized rule of civilized warfare.

among Christian nations. It has never, however, been a law of war that the obligation of a prisoner to observe his parole depends upon the assent of his own Government; but, on the contrary, the right of a prisoner to obtain his release from captivity by giving his parole of honor not to serve against his captors until exchanged or otherwise released is derived from the fact that by his captivity he is placed beyond the protection of his Government, and therefore has the right to provide for his own safety by giving the requisite pledge, and all civilized nations recognize the binding force of that pledge or parole.

The rule is laid down by Vattel, pp. 414 and 415, as follows:

"Individuals, whether belonging to the army or not, who happen singly to fall in with the enemy, are, by the urgent necessity of the circumstance, left to their own discretion, and may, so far as concerns their own persons, do everything which a commander might do with respect to himself and the troops under his command. If, therefore, in consequence of the situation in which they are involved, they make any promise, such promise (provided it does not extend to matters which can never lie within the sphere of a private individual) is valid and obligatory, as being made with competent powers. For, when a subject can neither receive his sovereign's orders nor enjoy his protection, he resumes his natural rights, and is to provide for his own safety by any just and honorable means in his power. Hence, if that individual has promised a sum for his *ransom*, the sovereign, so far from having the power to discharge him from his promise, should oblige him to fulfill it.

"The good of the State requires that faith should be kept on such occasions, and that subjects should have this mode of saving their lives or recovering their liberty.

"Thus, a prisoner who is released on his parole is bound to observe it with scrupulous punctuality, nor has the sovereign a right to oppose such observance of his engagement; for had not the prisoner thus given his parole he would not have been released."

The same doctrine is laid down by publicists generally.

The question of exchange of prisoners is a matter of agreement between the opposing powers, but the question of parole is not. The paroles stipulated for in the cartel of July, 1862, were paroles

with a view to subsequent exchange, and the stipulation did not create the right of a prisoner of war to be released from captivity on his parole; that existed prior to and independent of the cartel. It existed by virtue of a "higher law" [if I may be permitted to use a phrase so much in vogue in former times among those who now attach so much importance to unwavering fidelity to the Constitution, in their view of it], than an order from the Federal Secretary of War—the law of self-preservation. If I had found myself at any time during the war a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, about to be dragged to a northern prison, where I am sure confinement for a very short time would have killed me, or run me mad, and my captors had been humane enough to release me on my parole of honor not to serve again until exchanged, I am sure I would have thought my Government more barbarous than the enemy if it had required of me a violation of my parole and a return to duty without exchange; but I feel confident no such dishonor would ever have been required of me by that Government, for I do know that the paroles of some of my own men, captured at Williamsburg on the 5th of May, 1862, more than two months before the cartel was adopted, and for special reasons, paroled within a week of their capture, were respected, and they were regularly exchanged. Mr. Stanton, in issuing the order of 3d of July, 1863, violated the laws of civilized warfare, and the statement contained therein that the Confederate Government ("the enemy") had pursued the same course was a mere pretext to give color to his own unwarrantable act. But for that order all the prisoners captured by us at Gettysburg, amounting to fully six thousand, would have been paroled, and, in fact, the proper staff officers were proceeding to parole them, and had actually paroled and released a large number of them, when news came of the order referred to. Why did Mr. Stanton object to the paroling of these prisoners? and why did he prefer that they should be confined in prisons in the South—"prison pens," as northern Republicans are pleased to call them—rather than that they should be sent to their own homes on parole, there to remain in comfort until duly exchanged, if it was not to embarrass the Confederate Government with the custody and support of them, regardless of any consideration for their health or their lives? If he did not think proper to exchange Confederate prisoners in his

hands for them he could have refused to do so, and certainly their presence at their own homes could have done no harm to his cause; most assuredly not more than their own confinement in a prison, in a climate to which they were unaccustomed. If the rule asserted in his order is among the laws and usages of war, then it must follow that if General Lee had not been able to guard or feed the prisoners in his hands, he would have had the right to resort to that dread alternative to which the first Napoleon resorted in Asia when he found the paroles granted by him not respected, and destroy the prisoners in his hands. If any of the prisoners brought from Gettysburg, or subsequently captured, lost their lives at Andersonville, or any other Southern prison, is it not palpable that the responsibility for their deaths rested on Edwin M. Stanton?

With these remarks I subjoin the letters and the order referred to.

J. A. EARLY.

ALEXANDRIA, April 3, 1868.

My Dear Captain.—Yours of the 2d has been received, and in reply I beg leave to say that I have no copies of the letters and orders referred to, but I have an entry in my journal of the date of the 9th of January, 1865, whilst headquarters were at Montgomery, Ala. The entry is substantially as follows: "In pursuance of orders I addressed a letter to Gen. Winder, requesting him to turn over thirty Federal prisoners to Major Hottle, quartermaster, for the purpose of taking out *sub-terra* shells and torpedoes from the cuts in the West Point and Atlanta railroad. Shortly afterwards I received from General Winder a reply, stating that he could not comply with the request, as it would not only violate the orders of the War Department, but would be in contravention of the laws and usages of war."

I have no objection to your using this information on such occasions and terms as you may deem proper for the vindication of your father, but I would suggest this consideration: that a public use in the present heated and embittered condition of political affairs would result in no practical use, and might possibly create unnecessary prejudice against those now living and to southern interests.

Very truly yours,

[Signed]

GEORGE W. BRENT.

SABOT HILL, December 26, 1875.

Mr. W. S. Winder, Baltimore:

Dear Sir.—Your letter reached me some two weeks since, and I have been prevented by serious indisposition from giving it an earlier reply.

I take pleasure in rendering my emphatic testimony to relieve the character and reputation of your father, the late General John H. Winder, from the unjust aspersions that have been cast upon them in connection with the treatment of the Federal prisoners under his charge during our late civil war.

I had, privately and officially, the fullest opportunity of knowing his character and judging his disposition and conduct towards the Federal prisoners; for those in Richmond, where he was almost daily in official communication with me, often in respect to them, had been some time under his command, before, in large measure from the care and kindness he was believed to have shown to them, he was sent South to have the supervision and control of the large number there being aggregated.

His manners and mode of speech were, perhaps, naturally somewhat abrupt and sharp, and his military bearing may have added more of sternness and imperiousness; but these were mere superficial traits, perhaps, as I sometimes thought, assumed in a manner to disguise the real gentleness and kindness of his nature.

I thought him marked by real humanity towards the weak and helpless—such as women and children, for instance—by that spirit of protection and defence which distinguished the really gallant soldier.

To me he always expressed sympathy, and manifested a strong desire to provide for the wants and comforts of the prisoners under his charge. Very frequently, from the urgency of his claims in behalf of the prisoners while in Richmond, controversies would arise between him and the commissary General, which were submitted to me by them in person for my decision, and I was struck by his earnestness and zeal in claiming the fullest supplies the law of the Confederacy allowed or gave color of claim to. This law required prisoners to have the allowance provided for our soldiers in the field, and constituted the guide to the settle-

ment of such questions. Strict injunctions were invariably given from the Department for the observance of this law, both then and afterwards, in the South, and no departure was to be tolerated from it except under the direst straits of self-defence. Your father was ever resolved, as far as his authority allowed, to act upon and enforce the rule in behalf of the prisoners.

When sent South I know he was most solicitous in regard to all arrangements for salubrity and convenience of location for the military prisons, and for all means that could facilitate the supplies and comforts of the prisoners and promote their health and preservation. That afterwards great sufferings were endured by the prisoners in the South was among the saddest necessities of the war; but they were due, in large measure, to the cessation of exchange, which forced the crowding of numbers, never contemplated, in the limited prison bounds which could be considered safe in the South, to the increasing danger of attack on such places, which made southern authorities and commanders hostile to the establishment of additional prisons in convenient localities, and to the daily increasing straits and deficiencies of supplies of the Confederate Government, and not to the want of sympathy or humanity on the part of your father or his most earnest efforts to obviate and relieve the inevitable evils that oppressed the unfortunate prisoners. I know their sad case and his impotency to remedy it caused him keen anguish and distress.

Amid the passions and outraged feelings yet surviving our terrible struggle it may be hard still to have justice awarded to the true merits and noble qualities of your father, but in future and happier times I doubt not all mists of error obscuring his name and fame will be swept away under the light of impartial investigation, and he will be honored and revered, as he ought to be among the most faithful patriots and gallant soldiers of the Southern Confederacy.

Very truly yours,

[Signed]

JAMES A. SEDDON.

—
WAR DEPARTMENT,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, July 3, 1863.

General Orders, No. 209.

1. The attention of all persons in the military service of the

United States is called to article 7 of the cartel agreed upon July 23, 1862, and published in General Orders No. 142, September 25, 1862. According to the terms of this cartel all captures must be reduced to actual possession, and all prisoners of war must be delivered at the places designated, there to be exchanged or paroled until exchange can be effected. The only exception allowed is the case of commanders of two opposing armies, who were authorized to exchange prisoners or to release them on parole at other points mutually agreed upon by said commanders.

2. It is understood that captured officers and men have been paroled and released in the field by others than commanders of opposing armies, and that the sick and wounded in hospitals have been so paroled and released in order to avoid guarding and removing them, which in many cases would have been impossible. Such paroles are in violation of general orders and the stipulations of the cartel, and are null and void. They are not regarded by the enemy, and will not be respected by the armies of the United States. Any officer or soldier who gives such parole will be returned to duty without exchange, and, moreover, will be punished for disobedience of orders. It is the duty of the captor to guard his prisoners, and if through necessity or choice he fails to do this, it is the duty of the prisoner to return to the service of his Government. He cannot avoid this duty by giving an unauthorized military parole.

3. A military parole not to serve until exchanged must not be confounded with a parole of honor to do or not to do a particular thing not inconsistent with the duty of a soldier; thus, a prisoner of war actually held by the enemy may, in order to obtain exemption from a close guard or confinement, pledge his parole of honor that he will make no attempt at escape. Such pledges are binding upon the individuals giving them; but they should seldom be given or received, for it is the duty of a prisoner to escape if able to do so. Any pledge or parole extorted from a prisoner by ill usage is not binding.

4. The obligations imposed by the general laws and usages of war upon the combatant inhabitants of a section of country passed over by an invading army closes when the military occupa-

tion ceases, and any pledge or parole given by such persons, in regard to future service, is null and of no effect.

By order of the Secretary of War.

[Signed]

E. D. TOWNSEND, A. A. G.

LETTER FROM GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, Nov. 19, 1875.

Captain W. S. Winder, Baltimore:

Dear Sir.—My memory does not now serve me as to the particular interview to which you refer, but it is distinct as to the repeated efforts made by your father for the general amelioration of the condition of Federal prisoners under his charge, and especially those at Andersonville. Had their own Government exhibited half the interest your father did in their welfare, we should have much less cause now for crimination on both sides.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

BRAXTON BRAGG,

FROM GENERAL S. COOPER.

Extract from a letter from General S. Cooper, formerly Adjutant General of the Confederate States:

ALEXANDRIA, VA., July 9, 1871.

Dr. R. R. Stevenson—Dear Sir:

* * * * *

I can, however, with perfect truth declare as my conviction, that General Winder who had the control of the Northern prisoners, was an honest, upright and humane gentleman, and as such I had known him for many years. He had the reputation

NOTE.—The fallacy of the reasoning and principles contained in this order is demonstrated by the extract given from Vattel. In consequence of the order one division commander who fell into our hands, wounded, whom we could have brought off, though at the risk of his life, and a large number of other prisoners who were paroled (two or three thousand), were returned to duty in the Federal army without exchange, and among them was a Colonel, who pledged his honor that he would surrender himself and his regiment (paroled at the same time) if the validity of the parole was not recognized by his Government.

J. A. E.

in the Confederacy of treating the prisoners confided to his general supervision with great kindness and consideration; and fully possessed the confidence of the Government which would not have been the case had he adopted a different course of action towards them.

* * * * *

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

S. COOPER.

"ASA HARTZ'S" FAREWELL TO JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

I leave thy shores, oh, hated Isle,
Where misery marked my days,
And seek the land where loved one's smile,
Where sunshine scenes the heart beguile
In genial, balmy rays.

I quit thy loathsome prison walls,
With joyous bounding heart,
To tread again dear Southern halls,
To go where'er my duty calls,
And bear my humble part.

No more thy sorrows (God grant no more),
Will robe my prison cell,
Nor ill-winds beat against my door,
Nor storm's blast round my prison roar
Within this Northern hell.

No more my ears will hear the cry
Of suffering braves for bread;
Nor scenes of sorrow meet mine eye,
When those fare worse who cannot die,
Than those already dead.

But soft I'll drop a parting tear,
In memory of those,
Who lost to loving hearts fore'er,
Now rest in dreamless slumbers here
Secure from heartless foes.

Then haste the steam and friendly wind,
To bear me from the shore—
To leave this God-cursed soil behind,
To bear me where my heart shall find
Freedom forever more.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

(Continued.)

LEE AND LONGSTREET.**Letter from General Longstreet Soon after Gettysburg.**

[From the New Orleans Republican.

We re-published from *Scribner*, on Saturday, a letter from Gen. Lee to Jeff. Davis, written on the 8th of August, 1863, in which the Confederate chieftain assumed all the responsibility for the disasters to his army at Gettysburg, and asked to be relieved from the command. There can be no doubt that this letter is genuine, and that General Lee was sincere in making the suggestions it contains. With this letter, and the General's reasons for writing it, we have nothing further to do at present than call attention to the strong corroboratory relation it bears to one written by General Longstreet fifteen days before the former was penned. While Longstreet was encamped at Culpepper Court House, he received a letter from his uncle, Dr. A. B. Longstreet, LL.D., of Columbus, Ga., in which the Doctor urged his nephew to publish some of the facts connected with the battle of Gettysburg that his correct position and connection with that affair might be known. The General wrote to his uncle an answer, from which the subjoined extract is now published for the first time.

General Longstreet was opposed to the policy of attacking the Union army at the cemetery, and so expressed himself to General Lee, but was overruled by his commanding officer, and did the best he could to turn the mistake into success. His corps was first in readiness and first to make the attack. Other Confederate commanders were so tardy in coming into action that the day was lost. Lee saw and acknowledged his error, thus doing full justice to the survivors, though he could not restore to life the thousands of brave men slain in attempting to carry out his rash policy. Appended to General Longstreet's letter is an extract from one written him some time ago by Captain T. J. Gorree, his aide-de-camp at Gettysburg:

"CAMP, CULPEPPER COURT HOUSE, July 24, 1863.

"*My Dear Uncle* :—As to our late battle I cannot say much. I have no right to say anything, in fact, but will venture a little for you alone. If it goes to aunt or cousins it must be under promise that it goes no further. The battle was not made as I would have had it. My idea was to throw ourselves between the enemy and Washington, select a strong position, and force the enemy to attack us. So far as it is given to man the ability to judge, we may say with confidence that we should have destroyed the Federal army, marched into Washington and dictated our terms, or at least held Washington and marched over as much of Pennsylvania as we cared to, had we drawn the enemy into attack upon our carefully-chosen position in his rear. General Lee chose the plans adopted, and he is the person appointed to choose and to order. I consider it a part of my duty to express my views to the commanding General. If he approves and adopts them, it is well; if he does not, it is my duty to adopt his views and to execute his orders as faithfully and as zealously as if they had been my own. I cannot help but think that great results would have obtained had my views been thought better of; yet I am much inclined to accept the present condition as for the best. I hope and trust that it is so.

"Your programme would all be well enough were it practicable, and was duly thought of, too. I fancy that no good ideas upon that campaign will be mentioned that did not receive their share of attention and consideration by General Lee. The few things that he might have overlooked himself I believe were suggested by myself. As we failed of success, I must take my part of the responsibility. In fact, I would prefer that all the blame should rest upon me. As General Lee is our commander, he should have all the support and influence that we can give him. If the blame—if there is any—can be shifted from him to me, I shall help him and our cause by taking it. I desire, therefore, that all the responsibility that can be put upon me shall go there and remain there. The truth will be known in time, and I leave that to show how much of the responsibility of the attack at Gettysburg rests upon myself.

"Most affectionately yours,

"J. LONGSTREET.

"*Dr. A. B. Longstreet, LL.D., Columbus, Ga.*"

General Lee, in a letter written to General Longstreet in January, 1864, says: "Had I taken your advice at Gettysburg, instead of pursuing the course I did, how different all might have been." Captain T. J. Goree, of Houston, Texas, in a letter to General Longstreet, says: "Another important circumstance, which I distinctly remember, was in the winter of 1864, when you sent me from East Tennessee to Orange Court House with some dispatches to General Lee. Upon my arrival there General Lee asked me into his tent, where he was alone, with two or three northern papers on his table. He remarked that he had just been reading the Northern official reports of the battle of Gettysburg; that he became satisfied from reading those reports that if he had permitted you to carry out your plans on the third day, instead of making the attack on Cemetery Hill, we would have been successful."

THE SECOND DAY'S FIGHT—LETTER FROM GENERAL LONGSTREET.
—RESPONSE TO GENERAL FITZ HUGH LEE.

OFFICE OF THE NEW ORLEANS REPUBLICAN,
New Orleans, Feb. 16, 1876.

My Dear General—We find the subjoined paragraph going the rounds of the exchanges. As some further information seems to be asked for, perhaps you may have it in your power to supply it.

LEE AND LONGSTREET.

A letter from General Fitz Hugh Lee has been called out by that of General Longstreet, written to his uncle July 24, 1863, and saying that the battle of Gettysburg was not fought as he "would have had it." General Fitz Hugh Lee says: "Longstreet's letter to his uncle is first rate in temper and tone, if it is genuine, and only given to the public in his self-defense. His splendid corps is encamped in the heart of all true Southerners. His own courage and soldierly wisdom during the war were of the highest order. If he had a different plan to fight Gettysburg upon, and it was given to General Lee before the battle, and Gen. Lee had written since regretting that he had not adopted it, I am one of those who are desirous to give him all the credit for mili-

tary sagacity General Lee himself (if all this be true) was willing to confer; but in common with an army of Confederates, I ask for all the facts in the case, and especially the whole of the letter said to have been written in January, 1864, and of which only one short sentence has been published."

We shall gladly publish anything on the subject you may think proper to prepare.

Truly yours,

T. G. TRACY.

To Gen. James Longstreet.

NEW ORLEANS, February 17, 1876.

T. G. Tracy, Esq., New Orleans Republican:

MY DEAR SIR—Your esteemed favor of yesterday is just received, and the contents carefully noted.

I thank you for calling my attention to the inclosed slip containing extracts from a letter of General Fitz Hugh Lee, commenting upon a letter written by me, in 1863, to a near relative, and recently published, with extracts from a letter of General Robert E. Lee, and one from Captain Thomas J. Goree, in your valuable paper.

You premise that "some further information seems to be asked for" is certainly correct; but that that information is really desired is another question. On the contrary, General Fitz Hugh Lee's letter, while it asks in so many words "for all the facts in the case," clearly indicates in its style and tone a disposition to discredit the facts already before him, and a desire to avail himself of political prejudice in forestalling public opinion as to facts yet to come. He says: "Longstreet's letter to his uncle is first rate in temper and tone if it is genuine, and only given to the public in self-defense." The genuineness of letters given to the public over one's own signature is not likely to be seriously questioned except by such as are capable of such disingenuousness. In this connection let me add that General Longstreet is not on his "self-defense." If General Fitz Hugh Lee had read the letter, the genuineness of which he questions, he would have learned that General Longstreet was not only willing, but preferred to abide his time till the omnipotence of truth should speak to his record. His letter was published owing to its cor-

roborative and sympathetic relations to one of General Robert E. Lee's written two weeks later. The publication was made, following the publication of General Robert E. Lee's letter, so that the facts might be known and noted in their proper connection, not in attack or defense of any one. It is said that the readiest way to find a weak point on the enemy's line of battle is by the prompt and nervous fire from his batteries and his unusual display of force at the point. I may have unintentionally approached some tender point of General Fitz Hugh Lee's, having drawn his fire at such inopportune moment. Let me say for his benefit just here that no attack upon him has ever been contemplated by me, nor do I propose to attack any one else particularly, but I expect to make known the truth whenever, in my judgment, occasion calls for it.

Any one who has read General Robert E. Lee's letter of the eighth of August, 1863 (Scribner's February number), my letter, written two weeks previously, and bearing upon the same matter, Captain T. J. Goree's report of his interview with General Robert E. Lee during the winter of 1863-4, upon the same subject, the extract from General Robert E. Lee's letter to General Longstreet: "Had I taken your advice (at Gettysburg) instead of pursuing the course I did, how different all might have been," and above all, General Robert E. Lee's well known and most noble remark, upon the field at Gettysburg: "it is all my fault," with fair and unprejudiced mind, must be impressed with the idea that there was some other plan than General Lee's for the great battle of Gettysburg, and that that plan was expressly made known to General Lee, before his battle was pitched. If General Fitz Hugh Lee has read these evidences upon this point (and there can be no reasonable doubt but he has), and really desires more definite information, in the interests of truth, it is probable that he or any other gentleman, would write me, in a spirit of politeness, if not in that regard that might follow his high encomium upon my "soldierly wisdom," asking such items as he wished in further support of reported facts.

Captain Thomas J. Goree, of Texas, joined me at the affair of Blackburn's Ford, Bull Run, on the eighteenth of July, 1861, where our first successful stand against General McDowell's advance was made, the effect of which was the repulse of that ad-

vance, which forced General McDowell to make his flank move around our left, thus delaying his operations and giving General Joseph E. Johnston time to make his masterly withdrawal from the valley of Virginia, and to throw his columns against General McDowell, giving us the handsome success at Bull Run. He served as aide-de-camp with me until the surrender of General Robert E. Lee, and although the most modest man in the army of Northern Virginia, he became about as well known in that army as General Fitz Hugh Lee, and was as highly respected, both for courage and veracity, as any officer of the Confederate service. In his letter, part of which was published with mine, that seems to have drawn down the displeasure of General Fitz Hugh Lee, he clearly states that General R. E. Lee not only admitted that I had proposed another plan of battle, but that that plan, had it been executed, would have insured a Confederate success.

In reply to General Fitz Hugh Lee's claim on an "army of Confederates" who have united with him in the spirit which his letter manifests in calling for all the facts, I shall be more frank than he, and confess that I do not believe that he is indorsed by an army, nor even an army corps, in the tone and spirit of his letter; nor can I believe it until he furnishes his army rolls. It is altogether probable that the great military critics, Parson J. William Jones, Parson Pendleton and General Early are members of this grand army, but even their combined authority as sage warriors, with that of General Fitz Hugh Lee, does not in the least shake my confidence in the ultimate triumph of truth. Meanwhile, however, I will refer General Fitz Hugh Lee to Colonel Erasmus Taylor, of Orange Court House, Virginia, for authority as to the correctness of the extract from General Robert E. Lee's letter. Colonel Taylor was quartermaster of the First Army Corps, is well known in Virginia, and was well known in our army as a gentleman of the highest order of probity and moral courage.

I fear that your generous offer of the use of your columns may be sorely tested by this long letter, but I must beg your indulgence until we have reached a more complete solution of the purpose of General Fitz Hugh Lee's letter. He says: "I am one of those who are desirous to give him (myself) all the credit for

military sagacity General Lee himself (if all this be true) was willing to confer." It strikes me, with considerable force, that this expressed desire is not altogether as sincere as the writer would have casual readers believe, else why did he write and publish a letter, the tone of which is so far contrary to the proper appreciation of his language? Had any other gentleman entertained the feelings—to which he gives expression—toward a former comrade and friend, he would have generously written the gentleman for information that he claims to seek before publishing a letter intended to forestall public opinion and to discredit the information already before him. The claim that General Fitz Hugh Lee seems anxious to establish for himself and "army of Confederates," of being the sole arbiters to dispense or withhold certificates of soldierly attainments, may be well founded, but the fact has not yet been promulgated by authority that should warrant him, or Parson Jones, or Parson Pendleton, or General Jubal A. Early, to assume the mantles of a Napoleon or a Wellington, and even with their "army of Confederates" behind them, undertake to brand the First Army Corps or its chief.

He professes that the services of the First Corps are encamped in the hearts of all true Southerners, but the spirit of his paragraph indicates an earnest desire to have them strike camp and "join the cavalry."

For myself, they may rest assured that I am unable to appreciate their pre-eminence, and therefore shall not apply to them for a military record this eleventh year of peace; and it seems to me that the officers and soldiers of the First Corps had better stand to the record of the war, the record won by patient toil and endurance, amid sickness, hunger, near unto famine and death-dealing dangers, rather than seek reputation from those who occupy their time of peace to make war records.

General R. E. Lee has frequently used expressions of the highest appreciation of the organization, valor or prowess of the First Corps; but such sentiments may not have been put in official reports; or at least in such shape as to single and make prominent this corps. His official report of Gettysburg in connection with that of Major General George G. Meade, furnishes us ample proof, from the highest sources, that the First Corps of the Army of

Northern Virginia has left a record high above any like military organization, and they establish for us a record to be transmitted to our descendants that will stand like a tower against the assaults of General Fitz Hugh Lee and his "army" as solid as Gibraltar after the surging seas of many thousand years.

Although it belongs to the history of the succeeding day, I should say now that the gallant assault of General Pickett's division, so well known and so much commended, gives him and his brave troops just claims to a niche close up between their distinguished compeers.

General George G. Meade, commander of the Federal army—and the best army that the Federals ever had—reports of the battle of Gettysburg, second day, first day that the First Corps was engaged, viz :

"About 3 p. m., I rode out to the extreme left to await the arrival of the Fifth Corps and post it, when I found that Major General Sickles, commanding the Third Corps, not fully apprehending my instructions in regard to the position to be occupied, had advanced, or rather was in the act of advancing his corps some half mile or three-quarters of a mile in front of the line of the Second Corps, on a prolongation which it was designed his corps should rest.

"Having found Major General Sickles, I was explaining to him that he was too far in the advance, and discussing with him the propriety of withdrawing, when the enemy opened upon him with several batteries in his front and his flank, and immediately brought forward columns of infantry and made a vigorous assault. The Third Corps sustained the shock most heroically, Troops from the Second Corps were immediately sent by Major General Hancock to cover the right flank of the Third Corps, and soon after the assault commenced the Fifth Corps most fortunately arrived and took a position on the left of the Third Major General Sickles commanding, immediately sending a force to occupy "Round Top" ridge, where a most furious contest was maintained, the enemy making desperate but unsuccessful efforts to secure it. Notwithstanding the stubborn resistance of the Third Corps, under Major General Birney, (Major General Sickles having been wounded early in the action), superiority in numbers of corps of the enemy enabling him to outflank its advanc-

ed position, General Birney was counseled to fall back and reform behind the line originally desired to be held.

"In the meantime, perceiving the great exertions of the enemy, the Sixth Corps, Major General Sedgwick, and part of the First Corps, to which I had assigned Major General Newton, particularly Lockwood's Maryland Brigade, together with detachments from the Second Corps, were all brought up at different periods, and succeeded, together with a gallant resistance of the Fifth Corps, in checking and finally repulsing the assault of the enemy, who retired in confusion and disorder about sunset, and ceased any further efforts on our extreme left.

"An assault was, however, made about 8 p. m. on the Eleventh Corps from the left of the town, which was repelled by the assistance of troops from the Secord and First Corps. During the heavy assault upon our extreme left, portions of the Twelfth Corps were sent as reinforcements.

"During their absence the line on the extreme right was held by a very much reduced force. This was taken advantage of by the enemy, who, during the absence of Geary's division of the Twelfth Corps, advanced and occupied part of the line."

Our gallant band, in all but 13,000 strong (General J. B. Hood's and General Lafayette McLaw's divisions), attacked, at 3:40 p. m., the Third Army Corps of the Army of the Potomac, drove that command in at least half a mile, and it finally retired from the field. Immediately after our onset the Third Corps was reinforced from the Second Corps by the gallant General Hancock, and General Meade then says: "The Flfth Corps most fortunately arrived." And continues: "perceiving the great exertions of the enemy, the Sixth Corps, Major General Sedgewick, and part of the First Corps, together with detachments from the Second Corps, were all brought up at different periods, and succeeded, together with the gallant resistance of the Fifth Corps, in checking and finally repulsing the assault of the enemy."

If this record, taken in connection with the official report of General Robert E. Lee of the same battle, does not fill the measure of military renown of every member of the First Corps he must have aspirations beyond mortal reach.

Before leaving General Meade's report, it may be well to note his light allusion to the assault from the left of Gettysburg, about

8 P. M., of this day, and the occupancy of part of his line on his extreme right, after he had withdrawn a division from that point to reinforce on his left against me.

Part of General Early's account of Gettysburg (Parson Jones' Personal Reminiscences of General Robert E. Lee) is "The position which Longstreet attacked at four, was not occupied by the enemy until late in the afternoon, and Round Top Hill, which commanded the enemy's position, could have been taken in the morning without a struggle. The attack was made by two divisions, and though the usual gallantry was displayed by the troops engaged in it, no very material advantage was gained. When General Lee saw his plans thwarted by the delay on our right, he ordered an attack to be made also from our left, to be begun by Johnson's division, on Culp's Hill, and followed up by the rest of Ewell's corps, and also by Hill's. * * * This affair occurred just a little before dark."

Speaking through his parson, one would think that General Early must speak close by the record.

According to his account, General Lee had the key of the Federal position in his hand, on the morning of our assault, and failed to grasp it, preferring to await the uncertain movements of two divisions on a night march of twelve miles over a road obstructed and much crowded by artillery and wagon trains, through a wet night, while he had in position before him six divisions that had had a comfortable night's rest. This sounds so much like a calumny against General Lee and his staff, and, indeed all of the officers of the second and third corps, except Generals Early and Parson Pendleton, that I cannot withhold the desire to brand it as such, unless he means that if I and my command could have taken wings and flown from Greenwood to Big and Little Roundtop at daylight on the second we could have got that part of the position "without a struggle." But even then none but the most desperate struggle would have enabled my two divisions to hold the position, the six divisions of the Second and Third Corps only quietly looking on, as they did the entire day until 8 P. M. I am sure that we could not have held the position, had we gotten it "without a struggle," if General Meade's army was "at least 100,000 men," as General Early says. So that conviction forces itself upon me, that this is a little romance of

the General's, intended only for school boys, or else to cover his emergence from the walls of Gettysburg, under shades of approaching darkness, for a parade that might hide his failure to meet the mandates of his chief. He says: "When General Lee saw his plans thwarted by the delay on the right, he ordered an attack to be made also from our left;" and says: "This affair occurred just a little before dark." So that (if we give credit to what he says) it was General Lee's intention from the beginning that my little band was to take upon itself the entire struggle, and unaided, beat General Meade's grand army from the field. His plans having failed on the right (if we accept General Early's evidence), General Lee then ordered the attack from our left,* thus badly exposing himself to the danger of being beaten in detail.

General Early says that General Lee's army at Gettysburg numbered considerably less than sixty thousand men of all arms. Let us call two thousand considerably less than sixty thousand, and put the cavalry force at eight thousand. We shall then have an army (infantry and artillery) of fifty thousand—three army corps of three divisions each, nine divisions in all, or an average 5,555 men to a division—so that my two divisions, assigned for the battle of the second day (my first day), had 11,110 men, including artillery, and were ordered by General Lee the delicate little task of beating a magnificent army of a hundred thousand men, very strongly posted in their choice position.

The Parson General Pendleton's discourse upon General Robert E. Lee, shows nearly as comprehensive military views as General Early. He puts General Lee's army at "less than fifty thousand," and General Meade's "fully one hundred thousand," and attributes to me the loss of the battle, "and with it the cause of constitutional government." "What a head!" But we must defer the consideration of his case to a more convenient time. I fear me that Lee's noble spirit must wander from the sweet places where it should rest and linger about the rugged heights of Lexington in pleadings for shelter from the hands of friends that threaten to despoil a good name or a bright record.

Now let us see what General Lee's report upon points touched

*I hope that General Meade's allusion to General Early's battle upon his (General Meade's) right may be duly noted.

by General Early says of the second day's fight, viz: "In front of General Longstreet the enemy held a position from which, if he could be driven, it was thought that our army could be used to advantage in assailing the more elevated ground, and thus enable us to reach the crest of the ridge. That officer was directed to endeavor to carry this, while General Ewell attacked directly the high ground on the enemy's right, which had already been partially fortified. General Hill was instructed to threaten the centre of the Federal line, in order to prevent reinforcements being sent to either wing, and to avail himself of any opportunity that might present itself to attack." And this is just what Gen. Lee told me, before the battle, of his orders. I cannot, therefore, believe that he failed to give the orders he states that he did, and exposed himself by detail, as General Early's account represents him to have done, an easy prey, nor shall I believe it until assured of the fact by his staff; nor even then will my doubts be entirely removed, for General Ewell, in his official report, acknowledges that he received his instructions from General Lee "early in the morning" of the second day, though he does not use the precise language, in defining them, as that of General Lee's report, and that used by him on giving my orders.

Assuming that General Lee's orders were given in the terms that he and I claim, and that every comprehensive mind must have known that they were (otherwise we could not have been driven upon the Federal bayonets), let us suppose that the three divisions on his left—the three divisions in his centre co-operating—had developed equal energy and prowess in the executions of their orders, to that displayed by the two divisions on his right, and leave the probable result of the operations of the second field day at Gettysburg to conjecture.

For the information of General Fitz Hugh Lee, let me say, that some two years ago I set about collecting "all the facts in the case" of Gettysburg, but that my labors have been interrupted more than a year by severe sickness, and that I still suffer severely. I hope, however, to eventually collect all of the facts, and of course, to publish them; and let me assure him further, that the proof will be given that amendments to General Lee's plan of battle of the second day were also suggested before his troops became engaged; at least, so far as to reinforce his main column of attack so as to make it equal to the others—three divisions.

I am, sir, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES LONGSTREET.

GENERAL EARLY'S REPLY TO GENERAL LONGSTREET.

In the New Orleans *Republican* of the 27th of February, a copy of which has been sent me by a friend, there is a communication from General Longstreet, which seems to have been called out by the recent letter of General Fitz Lee, in reference to the letter of the former to his uncle in July, 1863, about the battle of Gettysburg. General Longstreet, however, does not confine himself to General Fitz Lee's letter, but, after a brisk fusillade upon the author of that letter, he turns his columns and his batteries upon General Pendleton, the Rev. Jno. Wm. Jones and myself. He attempts to demolish General Pendleton and Mr. Jones at one blow, by dubbing them "parsons," and then levels what he evidently deems his heavy guns at me. What relation General Fitz Lee's very courteous, and as I thought entirely too complimentary, letter bears to General Longstreet's supposed grievances at the hands of General Pendleton, Mr. Jones and myself, I cannot conceive, and I can account for his making them all the subject of one and the same assault, only upon the supposition that having repelled what he imagined to be a "cavalry raid," he thought it good policy to follow up his advantage by assailing the infantry and artillery. I will leave General Fitz Lee, General Pendleton and Mr. Jones to speak for themselves, but in reference to General Longstreet's remark that: "Speaking through his parson, one would think that General Early must speak close by the record," I must say that my address, which Mr. Jones has done me the honor to copy into his "Personal Reminiscences of General R. E. Lee," was delivered at Lexington, by invitation of the Faculty of Washington and Lee University, some three years before Mr. Jones' book was published, which fact General Longstreet might have learned if he had read Mr. Jones' introductory remarks; and the address had gone through two editions before the book was compiled.

The gravamen of General Longstreet's complaint against me seems to be contained in the extract from my address which he gives as follows:

"The position which Longstreet attacked at four, was not occupied by the enemy until late in the afternoon, and Round Top Hill, which commanded the enemy's position, could have been

taken in the morning without a struggle. The attack was made by two divisions, and though the usual gallantry was displayed by the troops engaged in it, no material advantage was gained. When General Lee saw his plans thwarted by the delay on our right, he ordered an attack to be made also from our left, to be begun by Johnson's division, on Culp's Hill, and followed up by the rest of Ewell's corps, and also by Hill's. * * * * *

This affair occurred just a little before dark."

This passage in my address was prefaced by the description of an interview Gen. Lee had with Gen. Ewell, General Rodes and myself at the close of the first day of the battle, at the end of which he announced his purpose to attack the enemy's left from our right, and left us for the purpose of ordering up Longstreet's corps to begin the attack at dawn next morning; and I also stated that that corps was not in readiness to make the attack until four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day. I did not say who was to blame for the delay, but merely stated the fact. Of course no one expected that corps to begin the attack at dawn if it could not be brought up by that time, nor before it could be brought into position. The policy of an attack at the earliest hour possible next day was so apparent, that I have always taken it for granted that General Lee endeavored to carry out his declared purpose.

In the omitted portion of the passage quoted by General Longstreet, indicated by asterisks, I stated, in substance, the fact of the attack from our left, its partial success, and final failure because some of the troops ordered to co-operate did not move in time, by reason of which the enemy was enabled to bring a large force against my two brigades which had entered the enemy's breast-works at the Cemetery, thus compelling them to retire. I also stated that General Lee's orders had again failed to be carried out, by reason of which the victory in our grasp was lost, and then follows the remark: "This affair occurred just before dark." The officers commanding the troops that failed to co-operate, had as much right to complain as General Longstreet, and his is no special grievance. I stated facts which I conceived to be susceptible of the clearest proof and demonstration.

General Longstreet now assumes the role of a defender of General Lee's fame against his friends, though his own statements

have furnished the material for the severest criticismis that ha ve been made on General Lee's management of the battle of Gettysburg, as I will presently show—nay, I think I will show, before I am done, that, immediately after that battle he laid the foundation for an insidious attack on General Lee's reputation as a commander, and since the war he has persistently pursued his purpose up to this very moment, and all with the view of magnifying himself. In the very letter I am considering, there is a stealthy thrust at General Lee's fame under the assumed garb of respect.

I will examine the issues he has thought proper to make with me, in the order in which the events occurred to which they relate, rather than in the order they occur in the letter.

After giving the foregoing extract from my address, General Longstreet says:

"According to his account General Lee had the key of the Federal position in his hand on the morning of our assault, and failed to grasp it, preferring to await the uncertain moyements of two divisions on a *night march of twelve miles* over a road obstructed and much crowded by artillery and wagon trains, *through a wet night*, while he had in position before him, six divisions that had had a comfortable night's rest. This sounds so much like a calumny against General Lee and his staff, and indeed all of the officers of the second and third corps, except General Early, and Parson Pendleton, that I cannot withhold the desire to brand it as such, unless he means that if I and my command *could have taken wings and flown from Greenwood to Big and Little Round Top at daylight on the second*, we could have got that part of the position without a struggle."

I have italicized three passages in the above paragraph in order to call especial attention to them. If the night of the 1st of July, 1863, was a wet night, or if a drop of rain fell that night, I venture to assert that the fact was not known to a solitary individual among the many thousands on both sides who slept on that field. It is not mentioned by any of the Federal officers who were marching during that night, and testified before the committee on the conduct of the war; not even by Sedgwick, who was more than thirty miles away from the battle-field at dark, and had to march all night and until two o'clock, P. M.,

next day to get up. He certainly would have mentioned the fact if it existed, in order to account for the lateness of his arrival. There was a drenching rain on the 4th, but none before that day while we were at Gettysburg. Does General Longstreet mean to assert that he would have had to march twelve miles that night to get up to our lines, or that he was at Greenwood on the morning of the second? General Lee, in his official report, after describing the events of the first, and the condition of things after the fight of that day, says: "Under these circumstances it was decided not to attack until the arrival of Longstreet, *two of whose divisions, those of Hood and McLaws, encamped about four miles in rear during the night;*" and General Longstreet, in his report, pages 49 and 50 of the proceedings of the Southern Historical Society, contained in the appendix to the Southern Magazine for April, 1874, after stating the reception of the news, through one of his scouts, of the movements of the enemy, says:

"I received orders on the following day to move part of my command and encamp it at Greenwood. The command, except Pickett's Division—which was left to guard our rear at Chambersburg—moved on the morning of the 30th, and the two divisions and battalions of reserve artillery got into camp at Greenwood *about two o'clock in the afternoon.* Gen. Hood was ordered to put a brigade and a battery on picket at New Guilford, on the road leading to Emmettsburg. *On the next day the troops set out for Gettysburg,* except Pickett's Division, not yet relieved from duty at Chambersburg, and Law's brigade, left on picket at New Guilford.

Our march was greatly impeded on this day by Johnson's division, of the 2nd corps, which came into the road from Shippensburg, and the long wagon trains that followed him. *McLaw's division, however, reached Marsh Creek, four miles from Gettysburg, a little after dark, and Hood's division got within nearly the same distance of the town about 12 o'clock at night.*"

The italics in both extracts are of course my own. There is nothing in Gen. Longstreet's report about its being a wet night, though he mentions other obstacles, and it will be seen that it would not have required either a march of twelve miles, through a wet night, or a flight from Greenwood on the wings of the

wind, or of a bird either, to carry him and his command to our lines at a very early hour on the morning of the second. Jackson under similar circumstances, would have been up in time, and it would not have required a special order either, when he knew a great battle had begun. I cannot conceive why Law's brigade should have been left on picket at New Guilford, nor why Johnson, coming from a greater distance, should have been allowed to get possession of the road, with all the trains under his escort, ahead of Longstreet's two divisions.

I will here remark that the report of Gen. Longstreet from which the foregoing extract is taken, was furnished the Southern Historical Society, by General E. P. Alexander, copied into the book kept for that purpose at the headquarters of the First Corps, and also in the form of a copy made off by General Alexander himself for publication. The report was published at my suggestion, as President of the Southern Historical Society, and it is the only one of the reports in regard to the battle of Gettysburg that has been published by that Society. The discrepancies between the statements in General Longstreet's report and those in his communication to the *Republican*, lead to the suspicion that the latter must have been written vicariously.

General Longstreet thinks it very absurd to suppose, that General Lee should have awaited the uncertain movements of his two divisions to make the attack on the enemy's left, "while he had in position before him, six divisions that had had a comfortable night's rest." Now two of those divisions (Hill's) had marched from Cash Town on the first, and had had a severe engagement with the enemy, in which they suffered heavily, and two others (Ewell's) had marched from 12 to 14 miles and also fought the enemy, being, as Ewell says in his report (Southern Magazine for June, 1873), "jaded by 12 hours marching and fighting;" and the other division of Ewell's corps had marched a much greater distance than Longstreet's divisions, would have marched, if they had got up to our lines that night. Those divisions of Ewell's and Hill's were confronting, all the night of the first, an enemy that was being constantly reinforced during the night, and General Longstreet ought to know that men do not have very comfortable or refreshing rest under such circumstances. Moreover, none of those divisions were confronting the

position it was desired to assault, and Ewell's divisions would have had to march a greater distance to get into position on the right, than Longstreet had to march and that in the face of the enemy. To have taken Hill's divisions to the right would have broken the continuity of the line, and made an opening between the corps, of which the enemy would doubtless have taken advantage to attack us, for Meade was contemplating an attack from his right all the morning, the greater part of his force being concentrated there for that purpose.

And here I would ask, when was it that General Longstreet got up? Who can tell? and why was he not up at sunrise at farthest, if he was not in fact up by that time? He says:

"Now let us see what General Lee's report upon points touched by General Early says of the second day's battle, viz: 'In front of General Longstreet the enemy held a position from which if he could be driven, it was thought that our army could be used to advantage in assailing the more elevated ground, and thus enable us to reach the crest of the ridge. That officer was directed to endeavor to carry this, while General Ewell attacked directly the high ground on the enemy's right, which had already been partially fortified. General Hill was instructed to threaten the centre of the federal line, in order to prevent reinforcements being sent to either wing, and to avail himself of any opportunity that might present itself to attack.' And this is just what General Lee told me, before the battle, of his orders. I cannot, therefore, believe that he failed to give the orders he states that he did, and exposed himself by detail, as General Early's account represents him to have done, an easy prey, nor shall I believe it until assured of the fact by his staff; nor even then will my doubts be entirely removed, for General Ewell, in his official report, acknowledges that he received his instructions from General Lee 'early in the morning' of the second, though he does not use the precise language in defining them as that of General Lee's report, and that used by him in giving my orders."

General Longstreet pretends to quote from General Lee's report, but he gives precisely the same extract that is given in Professor Bates' "Battle of Gettysburg," page 111—neither more nor less—and the fair presumption is that he quotes from Bates, instead of from any report in his possession. Now, I do not know where

Professor Bates got his quotation from, but it is very certain that no such passage occurs in General Lee's authentic, detailed report of the battle. The original draft of that report is now in the possession of Colonel Charles Marshall, of Baltimore. It was loaned by him to Mr. Swinton after the war, and while in the possession of the latter he copied it. He subsequently sent the copy to the editor of the *Historical Magazine*, Morrisiana, New York, who published it in the number of his journal for February, 1869; from that magazine it was republished in the *Southern Magazine* for August, 1872, after being verified by Colonel Marshall, and from the latter journal it has lately been republished in the *Southern Historical Magazine*, published at Raleigh, North Carolina. It is very possible that some such passage may have occurred in the brief report sent immediately after the battle, as it was customary to send such reports in advance of the detailed reports, but they were hastily drawn, containing general outlines of battles merely, and were consequently indefinite and imperfect. If the extract is taken from a genuine report of that character, then I would call General Long-street's attention to another extract given by Professor Bates, on pages 97 and 98, in which General Lee is made to say:

"The attack was not pressed that afternoon, the enemy's force being unknown, and it being considered advisable to await the arrival of the rest of the troops. *Orders were sent back to hasten their march*, and in the meantime every effort was made to ascertain the number and position of the enemy, and find the most favorable point of attack."

In General Lee's authentic, detailed report, pages 212 and 213, of the *Southern Magazine* for August, 1872, is the following statement:

"The enemy occupied a strong position, with his right upon two commanding elevations adjacent to each other—one south-east, and the other, known as Cemetery Hill, immediately south of the town, which lay at its base. His line extended thence upon the high ground along the Emmetsburg road, with a steep ridge in the rear, which was also occupied. This ridge was difficult of ascent, particularly the two hills above mentioned, as forming its northern extremity, and a third at the other end, on which the enemy's left rested. Numerous stone and rail fences along the

slope served to afford protection to his troops and to impede our advance. In his front the ground was undulating and generally open for about three quarters of a mile.

“General Ewell’s corps constituted our left, Johnson’s division being opposite the height adjoining Cemetery Hill, Early’s in the centre, in front of the north face of the latter, and Rodes’ upon his right. Hill’s corps faced the west side of Cemetery Hill and extended nearly parallel to the Emmetsburg road, making an angle with Ewell’s. Pender’s division formed his left, Anderson’s his right; Heth’s, under Brigadier-General Pettigrew, being in reserve. His artillery, under Colonel Walker, was posted in eligible position along the line.

“It was determined to make the principal attack upon the enemy’s left, and endeavor to gain a position from which it was thought our artillery could be brought to bear with effect. Longstreet was directed to place the divisions of McLaws and Hood on the right of Hill, partially enveloping the enemy’s left, which he was to drive in. General Hill was ordered to threaten the enemy’s centre to prevent reinforcements being drawn to either wing, and to co-operate with his right division in Longstreet’s attack. General Ewell was instructed to make a simultaneous demonstration upon the enemy’s right, to be converted into a real attack should opportunity offer.”

In his report, page 691 *Southern Magazine* for June, 1873, Ewell says:

“Early in the morning, I received a communication from the General commanding, the tenor of which was that he intended the main attack to be made by the First corps, on our right, and wished me, as soon as their guns opened, to make a diversion in their favor, to be converted into a real attack if opportunity offered.”

This is precisely in accord with the statement of General Lee, and I submit whether there is anything in either statement that conflicts with mine. Johnson’s division, facing Culp’s Hill, where Slocum was, being in close proximity to the enemy, had more or less fighting or skirmishing with the enemy all the morning, and in fact all day. Hancock, in his testimony before the committee on the conduct of the war, page 406, vol. I, second series of the reports of the committee, says: “Everything remained compara-

tively quiet during that morning, except that the enemy attacked General Slocum; but that was on the other part of the line, the extreme right, directly behind the position I have just referred to. There was fighting going on there all the morning (of the 2nd) with portions of Ewell's corps, but we did not know at that time whether that was going to be the main attack or not."

When Longstreet's guns opened in the afternoon, Ewell's also opened and continued to fire for some time, and his divisions were held in readiness to assault. But a demonstration is not an attack, and therefore when we did make the attack, it was in consequence of new orders, and I understood at the time that those orders emanated from General Lee. It can be easily understood that in giving a general sketch of the military career of a commander who had conducted so many brilliant campaigns as Gen. Lee had conducted, it was impossible for me to embody in one address a detailed account of every battle, and the most I could do was to give a general outline of each. It was to be taken for granted that my audience, which was an exceedingly intelligent one, would understand that I did not mean that Longstreet's divisions were to fight the whole battle, and that the rest of the army were to remain indifferent spectators to the close. Previous to making the remarks General Longstreet quotes, I had stated that General Lee had asked Ewell, Rodes, and myself, the evening of the first, whether we could attack the enemy from our position at daylight next morning, and that we had informed him of the difficulties of the ground and suggested the probability of the enemy's concentrating and fortifying against us during the night, and then I say: "He determined to make the attack from our right on the enemy's left, and left us for the purpose of ordering up Longstreet's corps in time to begin the attack at dawn next morning. Does this imply that Longstreet's corps was to do all the fighting? The first attack is not the whole of a battle, nor is the principal attack the whole of it. I have shown by General Lee's own statement that his orders were for Longstreet to make the principal attack, while the other troops were to make demonstrations to be converted into real attacks when occasion offered, which occasion would certainly have been offered by his success in gaining commanding positions on the enemy's left. His attack certainly failed of the success anticipated from it, and hence

the whole plan of the battle was thwarted. I maintain that his attack failed because of the delay in making it, and I will consider directly who was responsible for that delay. If, after the failure of that attack, an attempt was made to achieve success by an attack from our left, what matters it to General Longstreet whether it was made by orders from General Lee, or on Ewell's own responsibility? How, therefore, can he be aggrieved if I was mistaken in saying General Lee ordered that attack? which I by no means admit.

That General Lee was correct in selecting the enemy's left for his attack, there can be no question, for that was the weakest and most assailable part of the enemy's line. That the possession of Round Top by us would have rendered the position at Gettysburg untenable by the enemy, is proved by the testimony of Meade himself, contained in the same volume of reports on the conduct of the war from which I have already quoted, and to which I will refer hereafter by page alone, to prevent unnecessary repetition. On page 332, in describing the attack on Sickles, Meade says: "At the same time that they threw immense masses on Sickles' corps, a heavy column was thrown upon the Round Top Mountain, which was the key point of my whole position. If they had succeeded in occupying that, it would have prevented me from holding any of the ground which I subsequently held to the last." That Sickles did not occupy the position assaulted by General Longstreet until late in the afternoon, is proved by Hancock and others. On page 406, Hancock says: "Everything remained quiet, except artillery firing and engagements with pickets on our front, until about 4 o'clock that afternoon, when General Sickles moved out to the front." After stating that he had made a reconnoisance to ascertain whether an attack could be made on our left, Warren, on page 377, says: "Soon afterwards I rode out with General Meade to examine the left of our line, where General Sickles was. His troops could hardly be said to be in position." On page 332, Meade says he arrived on the ground where Sickles was, "a few minutes before 4 o'clock in the afternoon." That Round Top was unoccupied until after Longstreet's attack began, is proved by the testimony of Warren, who says, on page 377: "I then went, by General Meade's direction, to what is called Bald Top, and from that point I could see the

enemy's lines of battle. I sent word to General Meade that we would at once have to occupy that place very strongly. He sent, as quickly as possible, a division of General Sykes' corps; but before they arrived the enemy's line of battle—I should think a mile and a half long—began to advance, and the battle became very heavy at once. The troops under General Sykes arrived barely in time to save Round Top Hill, and they had a very desperate fight to hold it." During all the forenoon the bulk of Meade's troops which had arrived were massed on the right (enemy's) as Meade contemplated an attack from that flank—Hancock's corps connected with Howard's, and Sickles' was on the left of Hancock, but he did not go into position until the afternoon. On page 405, Hancock says:

"I was placed on the line connecting Cemetery Hill with Little Round Top Mountain, my line, however, not extending to Round Top—probably only about half way. General Sickles was directed to connect with my left and the Round Top Mountain, thus forming a continuous line from Cemetery Hill (which was held by General Howard) to Round Top Mountain."

These arrangements were not made until the morning was considerably advanced.

On page 331, Meade, after stating his purpose to make an attack from his right, says:

"Major General Slocum, however, reported that the character of the ground in front was unfavorable to making an attack; and the 6th corps having so long a distance to march, and leaving at 9 o'clock at night, did not reach the scene until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Under these circumstances I abandoned my intention to make an attack from my right, and as soon as the 6th corps arrived, I directed the 5th corps, then in reserve on the right, to move over and be in reserve on the left."

It was a division of the 5th corps (General Sykes') that rescued the Round Top from the grasp of our assaulting column. Does not this show how weak the left was in the morning, and how easy it would have then been for our troops on the right to have gotten possession of the key to the position? That General Lee's plans were thwarted by the delay on the right, can any man doubt? On the occasion of the dedication of the cemetery for the Federal soldiers killed at Gettysburg, Edward Everett, in the

presence of President Lincoln, some of his cabinet, many members of Congress and officers of the army, and an immense concourse of citizens, delivered an address, in which he thus graphically describes the effect of the delay that took place:

"And here I cannot but remark on the Providential inaction of the rebel army. Had the conflict been renewed by it at daylight on the 2nd of July, with the First and Eleventh corps exhausted by battle, the Third and Twelfth, weary from their forced march, and the Second, Fifth and Sixth not yet arrived, nothing but a miracle could have saved the army from a great disaster. Instead of this the day dawned, the sun rose, the cool hours of the morning passed, and a considerable part of the afternoon wore away without the slightest aggressive movement on the part of the enemy. Thus time was given for half of our forces to arrive and take their places in the lines, while the rest of the army enjoyed a much needed half day's repose."

It is to be presumed that before preparing an address that was to assume a historical character, Mr. Everett had obtained accurate knowledge of all that transpired within the Federal lines, from the most authentic sources, and doubtless he presents a true picture of the actual condition of things.

Having shown that the battle of Gettysburg was lost by the delay that occurred on our right on the 2nd, the question arises, who was responsible for that delay? Does any one believe that it was General Lee? If he was the responsible party, then his conduct on that occasion was at war with his whole history. He had determined to make the principal attack from our right, and he had selected Longstreet's two divisions to make that attack, supported by one of Hill's divisions; and he had sent directions to the troops not up on the evening of the 1st to hasten their march. Longstreet camped four miles in the rear on the night of the 1st. In his report, General Longstreet, immediately after the passage before quoted, says:

"Law's brigade was ordered forward to his division during the day, and joined about noon on the 2nd. Previous to his joining, I received instructions from the Commanding General to move, with the portion of my command that was up, around to gain the Emmettsburg road on the enemy's left. The enemy having been driven back by the corps of Lieutenant-Generals Ewell and A. P.

Hill the day previous, had taken a strong position extending from the hill at the cemetery along the Emmettsburg road. Fearing that my force was too weak to venture to make an attack, I delayed until General Law's brigade joined its division. As soon after his arrival as we could make our preparations, the movement was begun. Engineers, sent out by the Commanding General and myself, guided us by a road which would have completely disclosed the move. Some delay ensued in seeking a more concealed route. Major Law's division got into position about 4 o'clock P. M. Hood's division was moved further to our right, and got into position, partially enveloping the enemy's left."

He does not say when he got up, nor at what time he received the order, but he did receive it before the arrival of Law; and as General Lee had determined that he should make the attack, and as he knew the vital importance of time, it is to be presumed that he sent the order at the earliest moment practicable. He had sent to Ewell his instructions "early in the morning," informing him that Longstreet would make the attack from the right, and ordering him to make a demonstration at the same time. Is it not fair to presume that the order reached General Longstreet quite as soon as it did Ewell? Though ordered to make the movement with the troops that were up, he determined to wait until Law got up. Here is one delay acknowledged. It took him four hours after Law got up to get into position. The day before, Rodes had marched twelve miles and engaged the enemy by 2 P. M., and my division had marched fourteen miles and engaged the enemy before 3 P. M. How is it that Longstreet took so much time to get ready?

There are some data from which we can form an opinion as to who was responsible for the delay. General Ewell says in his report:

"I was ordered to renew my attack at daylight Friday morning, and as Johnson's position was the only one affording hopes of doing this to advantage, he was reinforced by Smith's brigade, of Early's division, and Daniel's and Rodes' (old) brigades of Rodes' division.

"Half an hour after Johnson attacked (on Friday morning), and when too late to recall him, I received notice that General

Longstreet would not attack until ten o'clock; but as it turned out his attack was delayed till after two o'clock."

Still delaying unaccountably on the 3rd. Whose fault was it then?

Swinton, in his "Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac," makes the following remarkable statements:

On page 340 he says: "Indeed, in entering on the campaign, General Lee expressly promised his corps commanders that he would not assume a tactical offensive, but force his antagonist to attack him. Having, however, gotten a taste of blood in the considerable success of the first day, the Confederate commander seemed to have lost that equipoise in which his faculties commonly moved, and he determined to give battle."

There is a foot note to this statement as follows:

"This and subsequent revelations of the purposes and sentiments of Lee, I derive from General Longstreet who, in a full and free conversation with the writer, after the close of the war, threw much light on the motives and conduct of Lee during this campaign."

On pages 340-1, he says: "Longstreet, holding the right of the Confederate line, had one flank securely posted on the Emmettsburg road, so that he was really between the army of the Potomac and Washington, and by marching towards Frederick could undoubtedly have manœuvred Meade out of the Gettysburg position. This operation General Longstreet, who foreboded the worst from an attack on the army in position, and was anxious to hold General Lee to his promise, begged in vain to be allowed to execute."

To this there is a foot note as follows:

"The officer named is my authority for this statement."

On page 358 there is this foot note:

"The absence of Pickett's division on the day before made General Longstreet very loth to make the attack; but Lee, thinking the Union force was not all up, would not wait. Longstreet urged in reply that this advantage (or *supposed* advantage, for the Union force *was* all up,) was countervailed by the fact that *he* was not all up either, but the Confederate commander was not minded to delay. My authority is again General Longstreet."

That Swinton is mistaken in saying the Union force was all up

is shown by the testimony I have already quoted. Swinton's book was published ten years ago, and General Longstreet has never disavowed the foregoing statements, that I am aware of. They are therefore presumed to be true, and if so, they throw a flood of light on the question as to who was responsible for the delay which took place in the attack. General Lee was urging the attack, and Longstreet was holding back all the time. This fact taken in connection with the acknowledged delay on the 2nd, Ewell's statements as to both days, and General Lee's known disposition to attack always when occasion offered, and in the promptest manner, demonstrate that General Longstreet is the responsible man.

Now, I have never thought, and do not now wish to be understood as intimating that General Longstreet's course at that time was prompted by disloyalty to our cause. The delay resulted from his reluctance to make the attack, his apprehension of the worst consequences, and his constitutional slowness in moving and acting. These, in my estimation, lost us the battle of Gettysburg. A subordinate who goes into action with hesitation, foreboding the worst, is not likely to contribute anything to success. A commander of the First Corps at Gettysburg, as prompt to act and as unquestioning as to the wisdom of the Commanding General's plans as Jackson was, could not have failed to have ensured us the victory. I will observe here that neither Ewell nor Hill claimed the benefit of any such promise as that alleged by Longstreet.

It may be asked if Longstreet was losing the opportunity by his delay, why did not General Lee remove him and put another in his place? The answer to that inquiry is very easy, and is to be found in another question—where would that other have come from? Moreover, a change of commanders under such circumstances could not have hastened matters, but might have still farther retarded them. But it may be asked, why did he not remove him afterwards? If General Lee had any fault as a commander, it was the extreme kindness of his nature, and his generous magnanimity. Having failed in this campaign to accomplish all he desired, it was not in his nature to make a scape-goat of another, but he chose rather to assume the whole responsibility and offer himself up as a sacrifice, as he did in his lately pub-

lished letter to Mr. Davis; the publication of which letter is made the occasion, by General Longstreet, of publishing his letter to his uncle, with the accompanying statements, to show that if his advice had prevailed, we would have achieved victory.

I said that I would show that General Longstreet had furnished the materials for the severest criticisms that have been made on General Lee's management at the battle of Gettysburg. The extracts given from Swinton's book show the material furnished by General Longstreet to him, and on that he based his criticisms. Other writers who have criticized that battle have followed in Swinton's wake and adopted his views, as for instance, Professor Bates;—and now General Longstreet produces his letter to his uncle—that is in itself a criticism, and furnishes material for criticism by others. That letter was written immediately after his return from Gettysburg, and in it General Longstreet undertakes to show to his uncle how greatly General Lee blundered, and what wonderful results would have followed the adoption of his own plans. Listen at him:

“So far as it is given to man the ability to judge, we may say with confidence that we should have destroyed the Federal army, marched into Washington, and dictated our terms, or at least held Washington and marched over as much of Pennsylvania as we cared to, had we drawn the enemy into attack upon our carefully chosen position in his rear. General Lee chose the plans adopted, and he is the person appointed to choose and to order.”

As much as to say: “General Lee is unfit for the position he holds—he blundered terribly at Gettysburg in not adopting my plans, and thus lost us the battle and with it our independence. I am the man who ought to have been in command of that army at Gettysburg, and then we would have proved victorious, marched to Washington, and dictated peace.”

And yet he afterwards says: “As we failed of success I must take my part of the responsibility. In fact I would prefer that all the blame should rest on me.” How very generous, how self-sacrificing he is! And yet he flies into a rage when it is suggested that his tardiness lost us the battle of Gettysburg. When was it that he assumed any part of the blame, publicly or privately? The first the public has ever heard of his willingness to do so, is from the recent publication of his letter; but along

with his magnanimous offer to assume his part—nay, the whole of the blame, is the antidote in his assumption of superior sagacity, and the intimation that the whole blame should rest on General Lee, because he committed a great error in not adopting *his* plans. He winds up the letter, or at least the extract given, with this assertion: "The truth will be known in time, and I leave that to show how much of the responsibility of the attack at Gettysburg rests upon myself."

He is then laying the train for exploding a mine in the future, that would destroy General Lee's reputation as a commander, and show how incompetent he was, and how immeasurably his superior Longstreet was.

Shade of the immortal Jackson! How thankful we are and should be, that no such document, public or private, and no oral declaration of similar import can be produced against you from any source!

Have I not made good my proposition that I would show that immediately after the battle of Gettysburg, General Longstreet laid the foundation for attacking General Lee's reputation as a commander. That he has pursued his design since the close of the war, is proved by the fact that he instilled his own views into Mr. Swinton's mind and furnished him with the data for their promulgation; and the recent publication of his letter to his uncle is but a continuation of the original design. And to what does it all tend but to exalt General Longstreet at the expense of General Lee.

It is exceedingly unpleasant for me to have a controversy with any Confederate in regard to the events of our late war, and especially in regard to the relative merit of our officers. I have not endeavored to claim credit for myself at the expense of any one, and in all that I have published, I have avoided as far as possible saying anything to the disparagement of any of my comrades. If there is anything in my address at Lexington that bears the semblance of a disparagement of General Longstreet as a soldier, it was called out in vindication of General Lee against what I regarded as the assault of General Longstreet on him through the pages of Mr. Swinton's book; and I went no further than to repel the assault, and place the responsibility for our failure at Gettysburg where it should rest.

In the communication to the *Republican*, General Longstreet says: "If General Fitz Hugh Lee had read the letter, the genuineness of which he questions, he would have learned that General Longstreet was not only willing but preferred to abide his time till the omnipotence of truth should speak to his record. His letter was published owing to its corroborative and sympathetic relations to one of General R. E. Lee's written two weeks later. The publication was made following the publication of Gen. R. E. Lee's, so that the facts might be known and noted in their proper connection, not in attack or defense of any one."

Is not this a stab at the reputation of General Lee as a commander? If General Longstreet was willing to bide his time, why then was he in such a hurry, after the war, to have that "full and free conversation" with Mr. Swinton, in which he "threw much light on the motives and conduct of Lee during this campaign," (Gettysburg)—all of the information given being to the disparagement of General Lee, and the exaltation of General Longstreet? And why did he publish his letter at all? Is it not a bold assumption of superior sagacity on his part, and the assertion of a want of judgment on General Lee's? Is that abiding the development of truth?

I will here say that I never had any doubt of the genuineness of the letter to his uncle, nor about the purpose for which it was written or published either; and I am not one of those who wanted any further information from that source. I was satisfied from the first as to the letter of General Lee, from which the extract was given as follows:

"Had I taken your advice at Gettysburg instead of pursuing the course I did, how different all things might have been."

I take it for granted that was the strongest expression in the letter; and writing in the spirit of his letter to Mr. Davis, General Lee may have used the expression; but there is another connection in which he may have used it without meaning anything special, as those of us who knew him can well understand. Many a young officer has gone to General Lee to give information and suggest ideas, and left profoundly impressed with the belief that he had made most valuable suggestions to the Commander-in-Chief. I think it very probable that things would have assumed a very different phase if General Lee had taken General Long-

street's suggestions to move off by the right flank, for in moving that way, with all our trains, in the face of the enemy, we would have exposed ourselves to almost certain destruction. Meade was then trying to find a way to attack our left, and if Ewell had let go and attempted to get off he would have been upon us like an avalanche.

Three days afterwards we were enabled to move off by the right flank, because Ewell's corps had been moved around to Seminary Ridge during the night of the 3rd, and the enemy had been so badly crippled that he was afraid to move out against us. Moreover, by moving out on the Emmettsburg road towards Frederick we would not have been between Meade and Washington. That route is west of the Monocacy, whereas the routes to Washington are east of that stream, one by Middleburg and another, more circuitous, by Westminister, and we would have had to cover both roads to cut Meade off from Washington. To do which we would have had to make a wide circuit, while Meade had the inner and shorter line.

But to return to General Longstreet's letter: How is it that that letter is corroborative of or in sympathy with that of General Lee to Mr. Davis, for that is the one he has reference to? In that noble letter, lately given to the world by Colonel Chas. C. Jones, in which our great Commander shows such sublime self-abnegation, he says:

"Everything therefore points to the advantages to be derived from a new Commander, and I the more anxiously urge the matter upon you Excellency, from my belief that a younger and abler man than myself can readily be obtained. I know that he will have as gallant and brave an army as ever existed to second his efforts, and it would be the happiest day of my life to see at its head a worthy leader; one that would accomplish more than I could perform, and all that I have wished."

It is to be presumed that this is the part of the letter to which General Longstreet thinks his bears "corroborative and sympathetic relations"—corroborative because it shows that a younger and abler man *could* have been obtained, and sympathetic because it indicated the same desire to have that abler and younger man assigned to the command—and in fact pointed to him, and as much as said: *Ecce homo!* GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

If that is not what he means, then I cannot conceive what is his meaning—But the fact is that while all of us know that a younger man might have been easily obtained, none of us believe a word of General Lee's self-depreciation, however sincere we may think he was, nor do we believe that an abler or more worthy leader could have been found in all this wide world ; and so thought President Davis.

Longstreet's letter in sympathy with General Lee's. *Credat Judacus Apella !*

No true Confederate soldier can read General Lee's letter without feeling his heart glow with increased love and admiration for our grand old Chieftain. Listen at him :

" I hope your Excellency will attribute my request to the true reason, the desire to serve my country, and do all in my power to insure the success of her righteous cause."

Who can read General Longstreet's letter to his uncle without a smile at its extreme egotism and folly, and the conviction that the only palliation for its publication is the excessive stupidity of the act ?

The defence of the First Corps by him against an imaginary attack is ridiculous. Who has ever thought of assailing its reputation ? Its superb fighting qualities, and its many gallant achievements are readily acknowledged by all. Its reputation is not bound up in that of its Commander, though it did a vast deal to give him the reputation he gained. Why then lug its reputation into this quarrel that he has undertaken with General Fitz Lee, General Pendleton, Mr. Jones and myself ? Is it because he feels that his cause has need of its support ?

As to his petty flings at me, personally, they are too contemptible to require further notice than the remark that, when he comes to that part of his work, his big guns degenerate into mere pop-crackers.

He has given a long extract from General Meade's report, and in a foot note to his communication he says :

" I hope that General Meade's allusion to General Early's battle on his (General Meade's) right may be duly noted."

It is very evident that he is under a misapprehension as to which part of Meade's report refers to my attack on his line, and out of regard for the portion of my old command engaged in

that attack, and from no consideration for myself, it gives me pleasure to duly note Meade's "allusion" to the attack made by Hays' and Hoke's brigades—he says:

"An assault was, however, made about 8 P. M., on the Eleventh Corps from the left of the town, which was repelled by the assistance of troops from the 2nd and 1st Corps."

This is all that Meade says in regard to that assault, and it appears that it required, in addition to the Eleventh Corps, troops from two other corps, to repel my brigades. Others have spoken more definitely about that attack, and among them General Gibbon, who in his testimony, page 440-1, says:

"After we had repulsed one attack there was heavy firing over on the right of Cemetery Hill. I received a message from General Howard, commanding the 11th corps, asking for reinforcements. Just about the same time General Hancock became alarmed at the continued firing, and desired me to send a brigade, designating Colonel Carroll's, and afterwards three other regiments from my division, to the assistance of our right centre. Colonel Carroll moved off promptly, and as reported to me, arrived on the right of Cemetery Hill, to find the enemy actually in our batteries and fighting with the gunners for their possession. He gallantly moved forward with his command, drove the enemy back, retook the position, and held it till the next day."

So that, according to him, my two brigades had whipped the whole Eleventh Corps, and it required a fresh brigade and three regiments to recover the position, to say nothing of the troops from the First Corps that Meade mentions.

Here is what Ewell says in his report:

"The want of co-operation on the right made it more difficult for Rodes' division to attack, though had it been otherwise, I have every reason to believe from the eminent success attending the assault of Hays and Avery that the enemy's lines would have been carried."

Avery commanded Hoke's brigade, and, though compelled to retire before fresh troops, Hays' brigade brought off four captured battle flags and one hundred prisoners.

These brigades accomplished a more difficult feat than even Pickett's division, with all its conspicuous gallantry, accomplish-

ed next day, and were the first of our troops to enter the enemy's lines, and that right at the Cemetery, where they were strongest. Had they been supported on the right with the same vigor, they would undoubtedly have taken and held Cemetery Hill. As General Longstreet has spoken of the attack by my two brigades as "his (my) emergence from the walls of Gettysburg, for a parade that might hide his failure to meet the mandates of his Chief," I must say that he is exceedingly happy in his use of the word "parade" as applicable to that attack, and I think he must be again quoting from Professor Bates. I beg him to note the following "allusion" by the Professor, who is the State Historian of Pennsylvania, to the same affair. On pages 137-8, he says :

"Colonel Von Gilsa, whose brigade was posted at the foot of Cemetery Hill, detached a regiment, and sent it forward to observe the movement of this force (a small force that moved out of the town towards our left), and what was passing further to the right beyond his view. This regiment had not proceeded far, before there suddenly emerged from behind a hill to the east of town, long lines of infantry formed for an assault which moved onward in magnificent array. This isolated regiment could do nothing but hasten back to its position; but this grand column reaching from near the town to Rock Creek, moved with the steadiness and precision of *parade*. They were the brigades of Hays and Hoke, led by the famous Louisiana Tigers. The instant they emerged to view, Stevens to the right opened with all his guns, and Weiderick and Ricketts joined in the chorus. The slaughter was terrible. Ricketts charged his guns with canister and with four shots per minute, was at every discharge hurling death upon their ranks. Stevens' fire was even more effective, as it enfiladed the enemy.

"As the rebels came within musket range Howard's infantry, who had been completely protected by the stone wall, poured in volley after volley, sweeping down the charging host. But that resolute body of men believed themselves invincible, and, now, with the eyes of both armies upon them, (this attack began a little after sunset,) they would not break so long as any were left to go forward. The stone walls were passed at a bound, and when once among the Union men Stevens was obliged to cease

firing for fear of killing friend and foe alike, and Weiderick was unable to stand the shock, his supports and his own men being swept back with a whirlwind's force. But Ricketts quailed not upon whom the force of the blow now fell."

He then proceeds to give, from a history of Ricketts' Battery, a long account of the desperate fighting for its guns—too long to be here inserted—which closes thus :

" But still they clung to their guns, and with handspikes, rammers and stones, defended them with desperate valor ; cheering each other on, and shouting, ' Death on our State soil, rather than give the enemy our guns.' At this critical moment Carroll's brigade came gallantly to the rescue, and the enemy retreated in confusion. The men again flew to their guns, and with loud cheers give him some parting salutes in the form of double shotted cannister. Thus ended this grand charge of Early's division, headed by the famous Louisiana Tigers, who boasted that they had never before been repulsed in a charge."

Those men had followed Stonewall Jackson and they were accustomed to such " parades."

The Louisiana men of Hays' brigade always fought with such tenacity that the enemy regarded them all as " Tigers," but the Tigers proper had been disbanded a year before. This narrative goes on to say that they numbered 1,700 on this occasion, and only 600 of them got off, but the fact is that Hays' brigade numbered only 1,400 officers and men in all for duty the day we crossed the Potomac, and its total loss in this affair was 234, killed, wounded and missing, as shown by the original returns now in my possession. It had sustained some loss the day before. Hays' and Hoke's brigades combined did not then exceed 2,500 men. My two other brigades were off in rear of our extreme left, on the York road, along which the enemy's cavalry was reported to be threatening our rear, though Gordon had been sent for and arrived just as Hays' and Hoke's brigades were moving off.

General Longstreet says :

" It is said that the readiest way to find a weak point in an enemy's line of battle is by the prompt and nervous fire from his batteries and his unusual display of force at that point."

By this rule General Fitz Lee approached his weak point very

closely, when he asked for the whole of the letter, of which only as much as makes three lines of a newspaper column had been given; for no sooner was the request made known to him, than he opened a most nervous, nay wild fire in every direction, doubtless with a view of shifting the issue, and precluding any further demand for the letter. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that like the cuttle-fish which, when pressed closely, throws out a black fluid which enables it to conceal itself from its pursuer, he has raised all this clamor against General Fitz Lee, General Pendleton, Mr. Jones and myself, in order to conceal the real point of enquiry of the former, and evade a response to it.

I am done with General Longstreet, and leave him to "abide his time until the omnipotence of truth shall speak to his record."

J. A. EARLY.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

BY TENNIE MATHews, JR.

A long, low, black, rakish, barque-rigged propeller, low-lying in the water and scarcely eight hundred tons burthen; pierced for six broadside guns, three on a side, and carrying two ponderous pivot guns—a bow and stern chaser. The smokestacks, two in number, stand one abaft the other, and rake like the masts. The guns are there and in position—all heavy metal and superior Blake'y rifled pattern. When the bay was smooth and glassy she looked like a bird, quietly floating, but when a breeze rippled the waters, and she trembled just a little, you would be reminded of a tiger preparing to spring. Anon, when the wind swept down the bay with greater force, she tugged impatiently at the anchor chain as though longing for that wider freedom she was destined to enjoy—tugged and chafed like a blooded racer, champing fretfully and awaiting the drum tap to be off. Neat, trim and tidy as a nobleman's yacht, she was a perfect model of sym-

metry and beauty. This the *Florida*—Confederate sloop of war—my home, the roof that sheltered me for two long years, and I learned to love her as a lover loves his mistress.

Bright and clear dawned the fifteenth day of January, 1863, on Mobile bay. Looking seaward, and to our left, guarding the entrance with a vigilance that knew no rest, you could see Fort Morgan. Away over to the right loomed up Fort Gaines, and outside, just beyond the bar, rode sullenly at anchor the blockading fleet, the barrier between the *Florida* and freedom. For several days we had been making reconnoisances, ascertaining the exact number and position of the enemy's vessels, and it was well known we were to make the hazardous venture at the first favorable opportunity.

Let us look for a moment at the *Florida*. One hundred and sixteen men, not including commissioned officers—veterans every one, and as true as the steel of the cutlasses they wore. The ordinary routine of ship duty has been completed, and they are lounging here and there on the forecastle, sailor fashion, spinning yarns, or speculating on the chances of getting out safely. Here and there may be seen the captain of a gun, burnishing to an almost painful brightness the brass-work of his favorite piece, and a few men may be seen writing their last adieus to loved ones—indeed the last lines they will have a chance to write for many a weary day—the last that some will ever pen. Everything looks snug; the yards are squared to a nicety, the sails neatly furled, and the noble little vessel seems impatient for the start. On the quarter-deck, our Captain—John Newland Maffitt, a son of the great divine—his hands clasped behind him, walks back and forth with a little nervous impatience. A small, but compactly built, practical looking man—every inch a sailor and one of the most fearless men that ever trod a vessel's deck. Now and then he raises his eyes, hurriedly scans the horizon, and then resumes his monotonous walk. Taciturn at times, brimming with geniality at others, and always brave, there was about him a subtle indefinable magnetism, that made him the idol of the crew, not one of whom but would have stood between him and death at any moment. At two o'clock, Captain Haywood, the veteran pilot of the bay, came down from the city, and a consultation took place between him and Captain Maffitt. The engineer, Mr. Spidell, was

sent for, and the trio had a long and earnest talk in the cabin. They came on deck at last; the engineer went forward to his duty: Captain Haywood sauntered carelessly around the vessel, and Captain Maffitt again took up his beat on the quarter-deck. The wind had been gradually freshening since noon, and by 5 o'clock we had a pretty stiff off-shore breeze. Word was passed to make the guns doubly secure—to lash all the spare booms, etc., firmly in their places, and to see to it well that nothing was left lying around loose. Then came the order to secure the hammock nettings, and we knew what that meant. No piping down hammocks to-night! The *Florida* is to make a dash for liberty! At dark everything was safely housed, the barometer falling rapidly, and the wind swept down the bay with increasing force. Everything betokened an off-shore gale—dense clouds shut out the sky, and by midnight it was pitch dark. The wind swept seaward with steady and increasing violence. We talked in whispers—waiting for the word. At four bells—two o'clock precisely—the order to weigh anchor was given. Merrily revolved the capstan in the thick darkness, and briefly the work was done. Then the *Florida* swung slowly around in the gloom and headed seaward. A revolution or two of the screw and we are off—off for a two years' voyage—off for a journey of over one hundred thousand miles. The darkness was impenetrable, and this was in our favor; the gale was off-shore, and this too was to our advantage. Every light was extinguished, save the dim and hooded light in the binnacle, that shed its feeble ray over the compass. No talking now, as we steamed slowly down the bay. You might have thought it a phantom ship, manned by spectres. Orders were given in whispers. The pilot stood forward on the forecastle, and a line of men conveyed his orders to the quartermasters at the wheel in whispers. Aloft, the yards were all manned and the seamen held the sails with a firm grasp, ready and waiting for the order to let fall. On we go, slowly still, for the time for speed has not yet come. On past the frowning guns of Fort Morgan, and we are pitching a little widely as we cross the bar. Just beyond, and anchored across our pathway, lies the blockading fleet—fourteen vessels, all told. We cannot see them as yet, and forge ahead, it seems, at random. We are burning coke, and no tell-tale smoke issues from the chimneys. Suddenly I look over the

rail, and there, looming up like monsters in the intense blackness, are two vessels. We must go between them. So close are they to us, as we wedge in, that you could shy a biscuit to the deck of either. Almost with the force of a hurricane the wind shrieked through the cordage and rigging, effectually drowning the noise of the rapidly revolving screw. Just between the two vessels, and while every man was holding his breath, the coke gave out! Several shovelsful of coal were thrown in—a thick volume of smoke and sparks rolled from the smokestack, and we are discovered! In less than a second of time, it seemed, we could hear above the roar of the storm, hoarse words of command from either vessel, the hurrying on deck of the startled crews, and then a rocket shot high up in the gloom, a signal to the rest of the fleet. Quick as a flash, from the deck of the *Florida*, came the long-expected order to the brave men aloft,

“LET FALL! SHEET HOME.”

Down rattled the canvass—sheeted home in a trice by the seamen on deck—and the sails, bellying out to their utmost tension as they caught the wind, we seemed to fairly jump through the water. And now, little *Florida*, do your best! Fourteen bloodhounds are unleashed and in chase of a hare—but a hare, though fleeing for her life, not the least bit timid. And nobly did the little vessel respond. Riding the crest of one billow, bounding like a dolphin to the next, and plunging squarely through the next, shipping immense seas at times, and every one drenched with unending clouds of spray, the *Florida*, throughout the terrible commotion, answered to every motion of the helm as though instinct with life. Every pound of steam that was possible was given her; every stitch of canvass that it was possible to carry in such a gale was spread; we were going at the rate of fourteen knots, and knew there was not a vessel in the service could catch us.

We looked astern at the fleet we had so successfully and perilously circumvented. We could see the flashing lights of the various vessels as they steamed here and there in the darkness, now and then sending up signal rockets, and then flashing drummond lights lighting up the angry sea, but it was very evident that the majority were off the trail. And away beyond them we

see a flash, and hear the boom of one of the great guns from our comrades at Fort Morgan, bidding us God-speed. But gradually even the lights and rockets of the perplexed blockaders faded from view, as we crowded on with the still favoring gale at our heels. How eagerly we watched for the coming dawn! It had been a night of peril, and excitement the most intense, and we looked to the east for the first gray streaks with a feverish impatience. As soon as the vision was able to pierce the gloom, we looked astern. But one vessel had hit the trail, and was crowding in pursuit. This was the *R. R. Cuyler*, the fastest vessel in the squadron; about two miles behind us, and doing her level best. Then we looked ahead, and there, crossing our bows, and scarcely a mile distant, was a large man-of-war—the *Brooklyn*, I believe—evidently coming around from Pensacola. The First Lieutenant came aft and addressed Captain Maffitt—

“Shall we let her off a point or two, Captain, and run for it?”

“By no means,” was the curt answer; and then speaking to the men at the wheel, he added, in a low tone—“Hold her up a little.”

“This, of course, would take us still nearer to the man-of-war—so close, indeed, that had she suspected us, she could have blown us out of water with ease. In a very few minutes we were passing her. We simply showed a merchantman’s light in the gangway, and shot by. The *Cuyler*, coming up directly, signalled our true character to our larger companion, and she wore round in the chase. Pshaw! it was the tortoise after the hare.

At sunrise the *Cuyler* was apparently about the same distance astern, but we were evidently gaining. At ten o’clock she was hull down, and at noon the tops of her smoke-stacks were barely visible from the deck of the *Florida*. At two o’clock the look-out at the fore-top-gallant yard announced that even her top-masts could no longer be seen. We had run her down—the chase was ended. Not a cloud obscured the heavens—not a speck was visible on the waste of waters, far or near. The friendly gale that helped us from the quiet bay to the ocean, had gone down, the waves were subsiding, the sails were idly flapping the masts. And then, sharp, clear and ringing, came the cheerful pipe of the boatswain,

"ALL HANDS SPLICE THE MAIN-BRACE!"

Drenched and shivering, but elate with joy, we gather at the main-mast—every one. Fill up! Fill to the brim! Lift high! and now, three times three, such as sailors can give! Hurrah! The *Florida* is free!

[For the People's Tribune.]

OUR FIRST PRIZE.

At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 16th of January, 1863, the *Florida* weighed anchor in Mobile bay and headed seaward. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, the little vessel was more than one hundred and fifty miles from her point of departure, free as the winds to go whithersoever inclination pointed, having successfully escaped from a port that the Federal commander had exultingly announced to be hermetically sealed, through a net work of blockaders after the most perilous and exciting run of the war. There is a strange fascination in adventure and danger, and as we bounded along over the glad waters of the dark blue sea that memorable day, there was not one of the crew but was glad that we had not escaped tamely and undiscovered. We well knew that the enemy's cruisers would be swarming around us before many days; that all the spare vessels from Mobile, Pensacola, Galveston, Key West and other ports would be sent after us—indeed numbers were even then scouring the Gulf in search of the *Alabama*, Semmies having sunk the *Hatteras* off Galveston scarcely a fortnight before. The daring cruiser had steamed up in full view of the blockading squadron, decoyed out the *Hatteras*, and sent her to the bottom by a few well directed broadsides. We were in a perfect hornet's nest, and while it was extremely necessary that every move should be made with the greatest caution, we had the satisfaction of knowing that we could show a clean pair of heels to any vessel of superior metal in the Federal service. We therefore steamed

straight for the centre of the gulf, in order to have ample sea room in case of a fight or a chase.

Not a glimmer of a sail on the horizon greeted our eyes the day following: and early on the morning of the 18th we doubled in our track, bearing away to the northward and eastward. That afternoon we spoke and boarded a Spanish barque, examined her papers, found them as represented, and allowed her to proceed on her course. We were flying the stars and stripes, and explained to the Don that we were in search of blockade runners and rebel pirates. He wished us success, and to prove his sincerity, produced a bottle of choice Malaga, and proposed the health of the Union. Drank standing and in silence on our part.

On the morning of the 19th, we were jogging along under reefed topsails before a pretty stiff breeze and according to reckoning were thirty or forty miles to the south-west of the Tortugas. By this time we land-lubbers had pretty well gotten over our sea-sickness; had quit "wishing we were dead," and were beginning to get our sea legs and long for a little excitement. About eleven o'clock, the lookout at the fore-top-gallant yard brought every body on deck, by the cry that afterwards became so familiar to our ears—

"Sail, ho!"

"Where away?" asked the officer of the deck.

"Broad on the weather beam, sir."

"What does she look like?"

"Can't make her out sir."

A quarter-master was sent aloft with glasses, we hauled up close on the wind, orders were given to lower the propeller, the banked fires were stirred up, smoke rolled from the chimney, and we bore up, running on a bowline for the stranger. Very soon steam was raised, the screw was revolving rapidly, the quarter-master reported the chase to be a brig-rigged vessel, evidently of American build, and as she was running free, our relative courses would naturally bring us together in a short time. Very soon the brig was plainly visible from the deck of the *Florida*, and as a *ruse de guerre*, we hoisted the stars and stripes, and hardly had the folds of the old flag kissed the breeze, before the same order of bunting floated from the chase. A prize, by all that's lucky!—Of course there was a little excitement on the *Florida*,

and a hum and buzz of congratulation. Rapidly we neared her, and when about a half a mile distant, a shot from one of our twelve pound howitzers brought her to. Then we furled sail, steamed up close and hailed:

“What ship is that?”

“The *Estelle*.”

“Where from and where bound?”

“From Santiago to Boston.”

“What is your cargo?”

“Sugar and molasses.”

“All right; I will send a boat on board.”

A few moments later and the first Lieutenant, with a prize crew in one of the quarter boats, was bounding over the still high rolling waves for the *Estelle*. The Federal flag still swung from the *Florida*'s gaff, but drawn up alongside it, in a neat bunt, and not perceptible from the deck of the *Estelle*, was the stars and bars. The Captain of the brig stood in the gangway prepared to receive his friends (?) who were very soon alongside. As Mr. Everett stepped on board, he was very courteously accosted by Capt. Brown, the Yankee skipper:

“Glad to see you Captain,” he said. “Step down into the cabin and take a glass—.”

“One moment, if you please,” replied Mr. Everett. Standing up in the gangway, he waved his hand to the *Florida*. Down in a twinkling came the stars and stripes—a quick jerk at the halyards loosed the folds of the Confederate ensign, and it floated out proudly.

“Your vessel is a prize to the Confederate States!” laconically said Mr. Everett to the wonder struck skipper, who was staring as though in a dream, at the sudden apparition of a Confederate flag, that had taken the place, as though by enchantment, of the stars and stripes. He was completely dazed.

“But—Captain—I thought—you were—”

“Never mind what you thought. Time enough for that after a while. Your vessel, with the cargo, is now a prize to the Confederate States' sloop of war *Florida*. You and your men are prisoners of war. Get all your private property together and proceed on board the *Florida*. Ample time will be given you to get every thing claimed as individual property.”

Slowly the situation forced itself upon the mind of the Boston skipper, and he acquiesced, though with very apparent ill-grace, proceeding doubtless from mortification at being adroitly hoax-ed into the belief that a Federal cruiser had honored him with a visit.

The *Estelle* was a brand new, A 1, hermaphrodite brig, on her first voyage. A trim, neat, tidy little vessel, perfectly fitted out, and quite valuable. In round numbers, and at now figures, we estimated the value of vessel and cargo at \$100,000. We took from her a main top-sail yard, to replace one that had been carried away during the chase from Mobile bay, and which we had hurriedly fished while the Cuyler was crowding us, a few barrels of meat, sea biscuits, tea and coffee, (the genuine article, and a real luxury to men who had given the corn meal substitute an *ad nauseam* trial,) and just as the sun was sinking in the gulf we applied the torch. We fired her in two places—forward and aft—and the flames simultaneously burst from berth-deck and cabin. The sight of burning vessels became familiar enough to us all in after days, but the sight of the *Estelle*, our first prize, a sheet of fire from main truck to water's edge, the vessel rolling helplessly in the trough of the sea, the roaring, hissing flames, lighting the ocean far and near, will remain impressed upon my mind as one of the vivid episodes of our cruise so long as memory lasts. Thus commenced the Viking career of our bonnie craft, and how well this vicarious little champion of the Confederate cause performed her part, let the shippers and owners of many a richly laden Northman tell.

Away we go through the watches of the night, a fresh breeze filling the sails as we merrily bound over the white caps to the southward and westward. Two days before we made our midnight dash through the blockading fleet, I received a short letter from a little friend away in Louisiana; a winsome child of scarcely a dozen summers, but she was very dear to me. Well do I recall, after the lapse of so many years, the concluding lines of the inevitable postscript, all underscored as they were:

“That you may all be successful in eluding the vigilance of

the enemy's fleet, and get safely to sea, to return safe and sound when war no longer vexes the land, is the constant prayer of

Your little friend,

ESTELLE."

Leaning on the bulwarks that night in the middle watch, and looking astern to the dull red glare on the far off horizon that told us the *Estelle* still burned, I thought of that other Estelle far away in Dixie, and that it was a rather curious coincidence, that our first burnt offering to the cause should bear her name. It was the last line I received from the South while the war lasted, and I never saw the writer again. The daisies were growing above her, when, after long and weary years of wandering and adventure, my feet again pressed the soil of the Southland, when the cause was lost and our flag forever folded.

On we go with favoring winds to cheer us, on to the centre of the gulf again, a sharp lookout at the mast-head day and night, and then we head for "the ever faithful isle"—the gem of the Antilles. Just as the sun came up, a mass of golden glory from the bosom of the deep, on the morning of the 23rd, the welcome voice of the lookout proclaimed "land ho!" and as the mist and fog disappeared before the gladdening beams of the day-king, the jutting head-land of Cape St. Antonio—the southernmost point of Cuba—greeted our eyes. Furling sails and steaming in close, we headed away to the northward—hugging the coast, and beating to quarters twice during the day, on account of Spanish steamers—and just as the shades of night were enveloping the gay city of Havana, we glided beneath the frowning battlements of grim old Moro, and anchored in the harbor.

T.

BONNY KATE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID,

Author of "Morton House," "Valerie Aylmer," "A Question of Honor," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER I.

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

In the midst of a rolling, picturesque country, surrounded by green hills, with a blue waving mountain line in the distance, stands Fairfields, the country-seat of Mr. Lawrence. It is a pleasant, rambling old-fashioned place which for thirty years or more has been the headquarters of hospitality for all the friends of the family, and all the friends of their friends to the remotest acquaintance thereof. Especially in the hunting season is this hospitality taxed to the utmost. Huntsmen then come by scores (though luckily not all together), bringing their horses and dogs along with them for a run with the Lawrence pack. The master of this pack has from boyhood esteemed fox-hunting to be one of the first duties and pleasures of a gentleman, and he often observes that he is too old to change his sentiments with the changed times.

Yet times have changed as much for the Lawrences as for all other members of the planting community of the South. The income from the broad fertile fields of the plantation waxes yearly less, while the demands of the household, instead of decreasing in like ratio, wax steadily greater, as a large family shoot upwards with a celerity which often reminds their anxious mother of Jack's beanstalk. "*How children grow!*" she repeats, despairingly, when she finds the dresses, coats and trousers of last season utterly outgrown and useless. As it is frequently the case, the anxiety consequent upon this state of affairs falls most heavily on the feminine head of the household. Mr. Lawrence comes of an open-handed race, and though not a spendthrift, he is generous to a fault, and constitutionally averse to anything like a consideration of economies.

His eldest son, Will, is popularly spoken of as "his father's own son." He certainly possesses the frank Lawrence face, the stalwart Lawrence figure, the cordial good-fellowship, the love of out-

door life and sports which for generations have distinguished his name. The second son is different. From his mother he has inherited certain tastes altogether opposed to the Lawrence character. One of these is a decided liking for money-making—in consequence of which he was, by his own request, early sent to one of the sea board cities and placed in the business house of a cousin of Mrs. Lawrence. From thence encouraging reports have come of his capabilities, and he occasionally descends upon the family circle in the character of a visitor, bringing with him now and then some friend from the city to enjoy a glimpse of that old Southern life which is fast dying out among us.

Next in order come two sisters, Sophy and Janet, aged respectively twenty and eighteen, while following them in close succession are Allen, Bessie, Lucy, Mark and Retta—making what their father often calls “the tuneful nine.” Besides these there is another member of the family who adds her full quota to the Babel of voices, ranging through every key of the youthful gamut and indicating every mood of the youthful spirit. This is a niece of Mr. Lawrence, who was early left to his care by an improvident younger brother—one of those men who, endowed with brilliant talents, make no other use of them than to win hearts and squander fortunes, yet who are often more regretted than infinitely better people. Allen Lawrence successively squandered two fortunes, and died leaving barely enough to pay his debts, and making no provision whatever for his daughter. His wife fortunately had died soon after her marriage, so when Mr. Lawrence answered in person the message which told him that his brother was one of the victims of yellow fever during a season of epidemic, he found only his grave and a child of eight or nine years. The latter looked at him with gentle fearlessness in her dark eyes, and when asked her name, answered simply, “Papa called me his bonny Kate.” The unconscious pathos of the words touched Mr. Lawrence’s warm heart. “Your papa was right,” he said: “You are bonny, my pretty darling, and you shall be my Kate henceforth, God willing.”

No one ever made a vow with better resolve to keep it, but nevertheless the speaker found that by the directions of a brief paper—half will, half memorandum of debts—written by the dead man at the beginning of his illness, the child was left to the

joint guardianship of himself and her maternal uncle, Mr. Ashton. "It is not just that you should be burdened with the individual charge," Allen Lawrence had written. "Her mother's brother should at least share the responsibility, and if he fulfills his duty by desiring to adopt her altogether, I request you to allow him to do so. He is unmarried, and she is his natural heir."

In view of these words Mr. Lawrence could not fail to inform Mr. Ashton of the trust committed to him—in return for which information he received a curt and not very civil missive, in which Mr. Ashton informed *him* that he had resolutely refused to allow his brother-in-law to impose on him during life, and he should certainly not allow him to do so after death.

"I endeavored by every means in my power to keep my sister from marrying him," he wrote, "and when she persisted in doing so, I washed my hands altogether of her affairs. In the child I have no interest whatever, and I decline absolutely to act as guardian, or to assume any control of her. By regarding this decision as final, you will oblige

Yours respectfully,

EDWARD ASHTON."

Needless to say that this *was* final, and that the little waif thus rejected on one side was received with double warmth on the other. Growing up to womanhood as one of the numerous family, she has won a distinct place of her own by virtue of some charm of character, which even those who are most closely associated with her are not able to analyze. She is winsomely pretty, this bonny Kate. A slight, graceful figure which she carries admirably, a charming face with delicate, clear-cut features and soft brunette complexion, eyes like dark diamonds and crisp dark hair growing low on a smooth broad forehead—add to this a smile like flashing sunshine, and you have all that words can give in the way of a picture of Kate Lawrence.

It is an established fact that she is "papa's favorite," yet this rouses no jealousy in any breast save perhaps a little in that of Mrs. Lawrence. To the credit of Sophy and Janet—who are frank pleasant girls with no special charms of person—it must be recorded that instead of disliking their cousin, and combining to thrust her into the background, they are warmly attached to

her, while the boys are her devoted subjects, and the children adore her. That Kate returns all this affection in full measure there is not the least doubt. She loves the friends and the home of her youth with a passionate fondness which is part of her nature. In little or great affairs she feels nothing, does nothing by halves. Her whole heart is in her candid eyes and her loyal hand. She does not know—it is not likely that she will ever learn—how much wiser, according to the wisdom of the world, are those who make prudent compromises with life, who give all things cautiously, and run no risk without counting its cost. She will never count the cost of anything—looking at her one feels sure of that: she will give freely all that is hers to bestow, keeping back no secret hoard for any dark hour that may be to come. After all, such natures, though they suffer deeply, have their compensation. It is given to them—once or twice in life, at least—to taste the full measure of that supreme happiness which is never divorced from the capability of supreme generosity, to possess for one divine reckless hour some joy which the cautious and selfish could never know.

On a soft bright October morning, in the height of the hunting season, when the woods that encircled Fairfields are glowing with brilliant tints, and the tender blue haze drapes them like smoke, Janet Lawrence enters the family sitting-room with an open letter in her hand.

“Girls,” she says solemnly, “who do you suppose is coming?”

“Who?” asked Sophy, looking up from her work.

“Who?” asked Kate, turning from the piano, where she is trying to lead Bessie (aged fourteen) over the “variations” of a popular piece of music.

“Who, Janet?” cries the last-named young lady, wheeling round on the piano-stool.

“Do you think I will tell you when you have not one of you given a single guess?” replies Janet, putting the hand which holds the letter behind her.

“What nonsense!” says Sophy. “How can we guess, when so many people come? Is it George Murray, with three horses and fifteen dogs?”

“Is it Tom, with two or three city friends?” asks Kate.

“Is it Annie Proctor?” says Bessie.

"All wrong," says Janet, "at least all wrong except Kate, and she is partly right. Tom *is* coming, and"—dramatic pause—"Miss Vaughn!"

"Janet!" cry three voices in chorus.

Janet nods with emphasis, after which she draws forth the letter. "From Tom to mamma," she says. "Listen!" Then she reads as follows:

"Dear Mother:—Your letter has just arrived. Thanks exceedingly for the note enclosed to Miss Vaughn. I have not the faintest doubt but that she will go. I saw her last night and she assured me that she was as anxious as ever to do so. Somebody has been telling her a long rigmarole about Fairfields, and she is crazy to see the place. She does pretty much what she likes in all respects, but still she was averse to going on the strength of an invitation given solely through me, therefore I am obliged for the note. I shall deliver it this afternoon, and let you know when to expect us.

Yours affectionately,

T. V. LAWRENCE.

P. S. I have seen her, and it is settled that we leave day after to-morrow. Expect us, therefore, on Thursday, and be sure and have the carriage in Arlingford to meet the 10.35 train. We shall be only three in party—Miss Vaughn, her brother, and myself."

"So she means to bring her brother along to play propriety!" says Sophy. "I was wondering if she meant to come alone with Tom. Heavens and earth! If *I* were a man, should I be such a fool as that, I wonder?"

"Do you mean as Tom?" asks Janet. "I hope not. One is enough in a family. How long has he been infatuated with that woman! And I know—I feel to the centre of my prophetic soul—that she means to treat him exactly as she has treated other and better (one can't possibly say wiser) men!"

"How odd of Aunt Margaret not to mention what an honor was in store for us," says Kate. "She might have given us a hint, so that we would not be utterly overwhelmed."

"Mamma would do anything on the face of the earth that Tom asked her," says Janet, "but I think she was shy about telling this. She does not think any better of Miss Vaughn than we do—nor want her a bit more."

—“The question is,” says Kate, “why she is coming?”

“For the sake of a new sensation,” says Sophy.

“For the pleasure of Tom’s society,” says Janet, with unkind sarcasm.

“Neither likely,” says Kate. “To come to a quiet country-house can’t be anything of a sensation to a person of her experience; and as for Tom’s society—she can have as much of that as she likes without journeying to Fairfields for it. No, I feel sure that she is coming for some reason which none of us understand—as yet.”

“However that may be,” says Janet, “it is a fixed fact that she is coming, and the question is, what are we to do with her?”

“I don’t see the necessity for doing anything,” says Sophy. “She can flirt with Tom—we have no other amusement for her, unless Will takes her fox-hunting.”

“Will is not likely to do that,” observes Bessie, “for he says that Kate is the only woman he cares to see in the hunting-field.”

“How complimentary to his sisters!” says Janet. “What a charming thing brotherly candor is, to be sure! And yonder comes the gentleman to answer for his words. Will, we were just speaking of you.”

“Speak of the devil,” replies Will, entering at the moment, “and you know who will appear. What are you girls confabulating about? You look interested and mysterious.”

“Have you brought my lace?” demands Sophy, before any one can answer. “I told you to be *sure* and bring me three yards of valenciennes edging from Arlingford.”

“Don’t excite yourself,” says Will, drawing a small parcel from his inner coat-pocket. “Here it is—I hope it is all right. I left the selection to the clerk, for I knew no more about it than my horse might have done.”

“Yes, it is right—for a wonder,” says Sophy, opening the parcel and examining its contents critically. “You are usually very unreliable in shopping matters, Will—so different from Tom, who knows as much about silks and laces as a woman.”

“Is she not grateful?” says Kate. “Never mind, Will! It is a great deal more becoming to a man to know the points of a horse or a dog than the details of a woman’s dress like a milliner.”

"Thank you, Katie—you are always a trump for standing by your friends," answers Will. "Speaking of horses and dogs, have the huntsmen come in? What a bore it was to be obliged to go into Arlingford to see about selling cotton this morning instead of going fox-hunting!"

"No, they have not come in," says Kate. "Didn't uncle say last night that they were going to take the hounds to Woodland. He certainly told me that the ride and the hunt together would be too long for me."

"You are right," says Will, "they won't be back before evening. I forgot that they were going so far. No doubt that Wilmer and one or two others will come over with them and we'll have a rousing hunt nearer home to-morrow."

"Then can I go?" asks Kate eagerly.

"If you like," he answers. "But talking of the hunt has made me forget a piece of news. Who do you suppose I met in Arlingford, girls?"

"How can we tell?" asks Sophy impatiently. "You and Janet are insufferable with your conundrums. Was it anybody nice?"

"You used to think him uncommonly nice. It was Frank Tarleton."

"Frank Tarleton!" cry the girls. "Will, are you in earnest? When did he come?"

"This morning, I believe," answers Will. "I met him unexpectedly on the street."

"What has he come for?" asks Janet.

"How does he look?" asks Kate.

"It didn't occur to me to ask what he has come for," replies Will. "As for his looks, they are just what they used to be—I see scarcely any difference in him."

"Dear me!" says Sophy. "We are overwhelmed with exciting intelligence. Tom is coming in a few days, bringing Miss Vaughn and her brother with him."

"The deuce!" cries Will, opening his eyes with an expression of by no means well pleased astonishment. "What is the meaning of that?"

"Nobody knows," says Janet. "We are all lost in wonder.

Perhaps Miss Vaughn wants to see what Tom's family are like before deciding to marry him."

"I haven't the least idea that she means to marry him at all," says Will. "Tom is a fool to let any woman treat him in such fashion—and so I have told him."

"We have all told him so," says Sophy, "but he does not pay any attention to our opinion. At least we shall have the satisfaction of seeing this famous beauty."

"And you'll probably find that she is no beauty at all," says Will, rising to leave the room. At the door he stops and turning as if a thought suddenly struck him, adds, "By the bye, what is her first name—Miss Vaughn's, I mean?"

"Florida, I believe," answers Janet. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I heard in Arlingford that Tarleton has entered several horses for the races, and one of them is named Florida Vaughn."

"So he is a victim, too!" says Sophy. "I am sorry to hear it though people tell such shocking things of him—of his dissipation and extravagance and everything of the kind—that I don't suppose it matters much."

"Poor Frank!" says Kate. "Are we going to give him up on mere hearsay?"

"I think it is he who has given us up," says Janet. "For three years we have hardly heard a word from him, and before he went away he was as much at home in this house as one of the boys."

"What is that, Janet?" asks Mrs. Lawrence, making her appearance in the open door. "Of whom are you talking?"

"Of Frank Tarleton," replies Janet. "Kate says that we should not give him up on mere hearsay. I say that it is he who has given us up—or at least neglected us for three years past. And you know, mamma, how intimate he used to be here."

"I know that I am glad he has seen fit to give us up, as you call it," says Mrs. Lawrence. "I have never been more disappointed in a young man than in Frank Tarleton, and I should dislike exceedingly to have any association with him."

"But, mamma, he has come back," cries Bessie. "Will has seen him."

Mrs. Lawrence glances interrogatively at her son, who nods

assent, "Yes, I have seen him," he says. "We met in Arling-
ford this morning."

"I am sorry to hear it," says Mrs. Lawrence uncompromisingly. She moves across the floor as she speaks, and sits down by her work-table with a cloud of vexation on her brow—vexation which springs from many causes, and in which the news of Frank Tarleton's arrival is only one ingredient. Nevertheless this gives a sharp edge to her voice as she goes on, "I hope you will have sufficient regard for your sisters and cousin, not to renew your intimacy with the young man, Will. You can be friendly without bringing him here on terms of familiarity. Remember that I distinctly object to anything of that kind."

The girls glance at each other in dismay. The maternal edicts, as they know well, are not to be disregarded, and does this mean that Frank Tarleton has returned, and that they are to derive no pleasure from that event? Will, on his part, looks disgusted.

"No doubt there are plenty of people ready to turn the cold shoulder to Tarleton now that he is reported to have ruined himself," he says, "but I didn't imagine that we would lead off."

"Will, you forget yourself!" says his mother. "And you must know as well as I do that it is not because Frank Tarleton is reported to have ruined himself, that I speak of him in this way, but because of the reputation he has acquired."

"If all the gossips were hanged," says Will, "what a blessing to the world it would be!" With which he marches out of the room.

"Mamma," says Bessie, with a rueful face, "do you mean that we shan't see him at all?"

"I mean nothing so absurd," says her mother. "Go back to your practising, and don't let me hear anything more from you on the subject. "You girls"—she glances at the other three—"understand what I mean. Nothing is more essential in life than to know how to be civil and yet distant. Of course you will be civil to Frank Tarleton, but I especially desire that you will be nothing more."

"Civil and yet distant!" repeats Sophy. "It would be easier to cut Frank outright than to be that to him."

"No doubt it would be easier," says her mother, "but the easiest thing is not always the best thing to do. Now let me hear

if any of you can suggest some means of amusing Miss Vaughn while she is here."

"She will most likely find her own means of amusement," says Sophy. "She belongs to the class 'man-eater'—and Fairfields can furnish a few victims. Tom to begin with—"

"I should say that he has been already devoured," interposes Janet. "Suppose we begin with Hugh Wilmer? It is true he is your special property, but by all accounts such trifles as previous attachments don't stand much in Miss Vaughn's way."

"I'll answer for Hugh Wilmer!" cries Kate's sweet gay voice. "A dozen Miss Vaughns could not make him waver in his devotion to Sophy."

"I am not sure of that," says Janet, with the air of one who has seen and known much of the folly and credulity of the masculine nature, "but to oblige you both, I'll leave out Hugh and begin with Frank Tarleton."

"But very likely he has already been devoured," says Sophy, "since he has a horse named Florida Vaughn."

"You are all talking a great deal of nonsense," says Mrs. Lawrence, "and that child at the piano is so busy listening to you that she has not played six correct notes in the last ten minutes.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

Kate was right in saying that Mr. Lawrence has taken his hounds over to Woodlands—the Wilmer plantation, distant seven or eight miles from Fairfields. The hunting party started about three o'clock in the morning, and do not return until five in the afternoon. The place seems alive with noise when they come in. There are half a dozen huntsmen and more than a score of hounds, for the Wilmer pack has been joined to that of Mr. Lawrence. Will, who has solaced himself by going out with a gun among the partridges, appears with two pointers at his heels, and hears accounts of all that he has missed. "The best run of the season!" says Mr. Lawrence enthusiastically. "I never saw a prettier chase. We got over to Woodlands in good time, and the

dogs had not been trailing an hour when they jumped a fox. He made a splendid run, and the country was capital for following the hounds."

Then the others chime in, and they tell what dogs distinguished themselves, and what tricks the fox had recourse to, and where he doubled and how he turned, and all the other details which huntsmen discuss with infinite gusto after the hunt is over. Even round the dinner-table this conversation is still maintained—conversation which is very familiar to the ears of the Lawrence household. Presently Hugh Wilmer—a good-looking young man of twenty-six or seven with reddish hair and beard and bright gray eyes full of the most hearty enjoyment of life—turns to Sophy, next whom he is sitting, and asks if she will not go out with them the next morning.

"Not I," she answers. "I have never been able to find anything sufficiently attractive in fox-hunting to repay one for the exertion required. The last time that I was foolish enough to rise at four o'clock in the morning for such a purpose, I registered a solemn vow never to be guilty of such folly again—and I don't think I ever shall be."

"I know who does not think it folly," says Mr. Wilmer, looking across the table and meeting Kate's shining eyes.

The owner of the eyes laughs. "You are quite right if you mean me," she says. "I would rise at any hour for a good chase. I have been trying hard not to be envious while you were all talking of your run to-day, and I mean to go to-morrow—if there is anything for me to ride."

"Any of us would go on foot sooner than that you should remain at home on that account," says the gentleman next her—a young planter from a neighboring county, who is shrewdly suspected of coming to Fairfields for other objects than fox-hunting.

"We won't tax your gallantry that far, Proctor," says Will. "Kate shall ride Diana and she could not have a better mount."

"Not possibly—if you mean the chestnut mare," says a voice farther down the table. "I rode her to-day, and I never was on a better animal. She goes over fences like a bird."

"Will trained her," says Kate. "He said he wanted to be sure I would not break my neck in following the hounds."

"A very laudable desire," says Mr. Proctor. "Will, if you are

good at training horses, I wish you would try your hand on that hard-mouthed brute of mine."

"Do you wish to convert him into a lady's horse?" asks Will, with a significance which covers Mr. Proctor with confusion.

When the laugh which greets this has subsided, Sophy makes a diversion in the general attention by turning to Mr. Wilmer and asking if he is aware that Frank Tarleton has returned to his native county.

"Tarleton! is it possible!—No, I have heard nothing of it," answers that gentleman. "When did he return?"

"What is that?" cries the voice of Mr. Lawrence from the end of the table. "Did I hear Tarleton's name? Is there any chance of his coming back?"

"He has come back," answers Will. "I met him to-day in Arlingford."

"The deuce you did!" says his father. "Then why didn't you bring him home with you?"

At this, Sophy, Janet and Kate glance at each other, and then simultaneously at Mrs. Lawrence. That lady's face is blandly immovable. She makes no attempt to telegraph anything like reproof to her husband, but calmly awaits an opportunity for a full and decisive explanation.

"I didn't think of it," Will answers, with the suspicion of an amused smile around the corners of his mouth. "We met unexpectedly, and parted hastily."

"What has brought him back?" asks Hugh Wilmer. "I thought he had left this part of country for good? Only the other day I heard that Southdale would soon be for sale."

"What a pity!" say the feminine voices. "Such a pretty place!"

"Yes, a pretty place, though old-fashioned and very much in need of repairs," answers one of those people who make it their business to know the private concerns of every one else. "It has been under a heavy mortgage for some time, and since Tarleton's affairs don't grow any better, it is likely to be in the market before long."

"It's a pity that sowing wild oats is such an expensive business," says Mr. Wilmer. "Many a man by the time he has finished it, hasn't any capital left for anything else."

"I hear Tarleton is trying to redeem his fortunes on the turf," says another voice.

"I should be sorry to believe that," says Mr. Lawrence. "He might as well become a gambler in any other way."

"Gossip generally runs ahead of fact," says Will. "Tarleton has two or three race horses—that is enough of a peg to hang the rest on."

After dinner Mr. Lawrence is taken aside by his wife and instructed with regard to his duty as the head of a family. "You should think of your daughters," she says, "before you introduce a ruined and dissipated young man familiarly into your house." "Think of my daughters," repeats Mr. Lawrence impatiently. "Why, they grew up with Frank Tarleton as with their own brothers; and upon my word I don't think it is very charitable of you to condemn the poor fellow in this way before he has a chance to say a word for himself."

"I have no desire to condemn him," says Mrs. Lawrence, "but I ask you this—should you like him for a son-in-law?"

Her husband utters a laugh. "I believe women never hear a man's name that they don't figure to themselves how he would answer in a matrimonial point of view," he says. "Time enough to think of him as a son-in-law when he shows any desire to become one."

"You are mistaken," replies Mrs. Lawrence, with the majestic contempt of superior wisdom, "it would be too late then. However, I can do no more than warn you. *That* clears my conscience, and the rest is your affair."

"You know that I am always anxious to gratify you as far as possible in everything," says Mr. Lawrence more gravely, "but in this matter it is impossible. I cannot think of such a thing as treating Frank Tarleton coldly."

"You don't seem to understand that there is a medium in all things," says the lady. "I suppose there is no good in discussing the matter further. Here are some letters that came for you to-day."

"Any thing important?" he asks, taking them reluctantly. "I am tired out, and think I shall go to bed early, since I must be in the saddle to-morrow morning by five."

"Nothing so important as a fox-hunt, I presume," she answers

a little sarcastically, "but there is one addressed in a lady's hand which you had better open. It has puzzled me to imagine who it can be from."

"Then why didn't you open it?" he asks, selecting the missive in question and tearing the envelope across. The sheet within has not more than half a dozen lines of writing on it, and leaning over her husband's shoulder, Mrs. Lawrence read them with him :

"*Dear Mr. Lawrence :—* When we met last you gave me a cordial invitation to come and see you at Fairfields. I did not think at that time that I should ever do so—though I remembered well the pleasant days I spent there in my youth—but since then my mind has changed, and if it will be altogether convenient to Mrs. Lawrence and yourself for me to spend a week with you during this lovely autumn season, I shall be glad to do so.

Yours very truly,

ANASTASIA BROOKE."

"That is something unexpected," says Mr. Lawrence, laying down the letter, "but there's nobody I should like better to see. You'll write to her to-morrow, Margaret, and say so?"

"I suppose I must—but it is very inconvenient that she should want to come just now," answers Mrs. Lawrence. "I had a letter from Tom to-day, saying that he will be here with Miss Vaughn and her brother on Thursday, and the house is not elastic, though you seem to think so."

"Tom be hanged!" says Tom's father, with unusual irritation. "What claim on us has that girl he is making a consummate fool of himself about, in comparison with Anastasia Brooke, who has been my life-long friend? If one or the other is to be put off, let it be Miss Vaughn."

"That is impossible—there is not time to let her know."

"Then manage as best you can, but remember that Miss Brooke must come."

"It is very easy to say, manage as best I can—but you know nothing of the difficulties of such managing," says Mrs. Lawrence. "You are right, however, in thinking that it won't do to put off Miss Brooke—she is a person of too much consequence."

"I was not thinking of her consequence," replies Mr. Lawrence, "but of our old friendship."

"Perhaps in consideration of that old friendship, she may take a fancy to the girls and offer to give them a few social opportunities," suggests his wife.

"I wouldn't advise you to build on such a hope," says Mr. Lawrence. "If she takes a fancy to anybody it is likely to be to Kate."

"In all my life," says Mrs. Lawrence, flushing angrily, "I have never known any man so openly indifferent to his own daughters as you are! You invariably prefer Kate over them—though how she is in any manner their superior I cannot tell."

"I was not speaking of my own preference, but of Miss Brooke's," responds her husband. "Is that the last *Turf, Field and Farm?* I'll look over it and then go to bed. What a splendid run that was to-day! I hope we'll have as good luck to-morrow."

The next morning is all that the heart of huntsmen can desire, and between four and five o'clock—while not a single star has yet paled out of the brilliant sky or a streak of daylight appeared in the east—the winding blast of a horn in the rear of the house is followed by the yelping voices of many hounds.

Within, several doors open and close in rapid succession, and several masculine figures issue therefrom and descend the staircase. Will stops at one door which has not unclosed, and knocks. "Kate!" he cries, "are you ready?"

"In a moment," answers an eager voice. The next instant the door opens, and Kate—looking very slim in her riding habit—comes out. She is drawing on a pair of gauntlets, and has a tartan shawl hanging over her arm.

"It is a perfect morning for a chase," she says, "but we shall find it chilly at first. Let us go down and get some coffee."

They run down gaily to the hall below. Here a lamp is burning, and a tray containing a coffee-pot and half a dozen cups and saucers stands on a table. To this Kate goes, pours out and makes a cup for her companion and one for herself. "I am sorry I am too late to make uncle's," she says, while they drink standing. "He never can make it to suit himself. Yonder he comes now. Are the horses ready, uncle?"

"All ready," answers Mr. Lawrence, entering the hall from the outer door and walking up to the table. "I have come for my cup of coffee," he says. "You know how to make it, Kate."

The coffee is quickly made and as quickly drank. Then Kate pins her shawl over her shoulders, takes her whip and goes with her uncle and cousin to the starlit world outside. There are dark figures of men and horses dimly visible, horns are sounding, dogs are answering, horses are neighing and stamping, men are talking—it is a scene such as every fox-hunter knows well.

"Good morning, Miss Kate—very glad to see that you are coming with us," says Mr. Proctor's voice out of the obscurity. "Can I put you on your horse?"

"No, thanks—I am accustomed to Will," answers Kate. She puts her hand, as she speaks, on her cousin's shoulder, and his strong arm swings her lightly to the saddle. Then, after a little more delay, and much more blowing, it is ascertained that all the dogs have reported for duty, so the cavalcade forms and they move away.

"Where are we going?" asks Mr. Proctor, who was too busy flirting the night before to heed the plan of the campaign as settled by the others. "Across the creek," Will answers. "There are some famous covers over there where we hardly ever fail to start a fox. Ten to one we'll hear the dogs open within fifteen minutes after we have crossed it." The accuracy of this opinion is soon demonstrated. They ride at a brisk pace through a forest road for some distance—the dogs straggling, on each side, and now and then some young and foolish are starting the trail of a rabbit—and presently cross a small creek. They have not passed more than a few hundred yards beyond this, when suddenly from a patch of woods on the right comes the note which means in dog-language, "I have struck a trail!"

"By George, there it is already!" cries Will, gallopping forward and harking the others to the signal at the top of his voice.

"Is that a reliable dog?" asks a new-comer.

"Reliable!" answers Wilmer. "I should think so! That's old Trailor—eh, Mose?"

"That's him!" answers Mose—the huntsman of the Lawrence pack, black as the ace of spades but well mounted as any gentle-

man of the party—"There ain't no mistake when *Trailer* opens. Hi *Muse*, hi *Grace*, hi *Silver*—hark to him!"

The dogs obey, dashing headlong from all directions toward the deep-mouthing leader and opening as they, too, strike the trail. The riders follow fast—the foremost men straining their throats to the utmost.

The trail is a "warm" one, and the dogs easily trace it through the wood, and soon emerge into an open field. Here the horsemen pause while the hounds follow all the winding turns of the scent, and finally take a tolerably straight course along a ridge for a mile or two. Then comes another old field, much grown up with thickets, where the knowing ones are sure that *Reynard* himself will be started.

This part of the hunt is not very exciting. It is interesting to see a well-trained pack "trailing"—their noses to the ground, their little bodies instinct with eagerness as they double and turn—but sitting on horseback at daylight on a frosty October morning is rather a chilly amusement. The east has been glowing with all manner of lovely tints for some time, but nobody has heeded them, and only *Kate* utters an exclamation of admiration when the sun finally mounts above the horizon and sends his first level lines of gold over the mist-hung valleys to the brilliant woods that belt the horizon. At this moment the pack breaks into a crashing cry which tells that the fox is "up," and then there is an end of dallying. Many of the horses knew the sound as well as their riders, and prick up their ears eagerly.

Then comes the moment of glowing excitement. The fox dashes away with the pack at his heels. The men are shouting themselves hoarse, the horses are straining every nerve, the physical exhilaration attendant upon a chase is at its best. *Kate* has been loitering in the rear with *Mr. Proctor*, but they now come up at a sweeping gallop and take a fence which intervenes between them and the rest of the party. Both horses are trained to this work, but *Diana* makes the best performance. She goes over like a greyhound, and as she settles again to her stride, *Kate*, hearing hoof-strokes behind, turns her head in time to see a black horse, mounted by a slender young man, take the fence even more lightly than *Diana* had done. The next instant horse and rider dash past and join the huntsmen ahead.

She turns with a look of surprise to her escort. "Who is that?" she asks. "None of the party, I am sure."

"O no—certainly not one of our party," replied Mr. Proctor. "Some outsider just coming into the hunt. I never saw man or horse before."

"Did you see the horse take the fence?" she asks. "It was even prettier than one of Diana's leaps—though yours are charming, my pet," she added, stroking the mare's neck.

It boots not to relate all the details of the chase which ensues. Away goes the fox, striking out straight for the hills, hot and fast the dogs pursue, eager and noisy the huntsmen follow—across plantations, through woods and over streams the chase sweeps. It lasts fully an hour, and by the time that a wild uproar from more than twenty canine throats tells that the "red" is about to die game, Kate is quite ready to draw up her panting horse and say to her companion, "Ride on—I never care to be in at the death."

He is too excited not to obey, and so she is left for a few minutes alone—minutes which she employs in taking off her shawl and fastening it across the front of her saddle, in re-arranging her disordered hair and tying on her hat more securely. She is still occupied in this manner when a horseman turns from the group round the dogs and gallops back across the field. It is not until he is within a dozen yards of her that she observes him. Then she sees the black horse that she has already remarked and his graceful rider. The latter lifts his hat as her glance falls on him, and with a smile rides up to her side. "I cannot be mistaken," he says, extending his hand. "This is bonny Kate."

(*To be Continued.*)

LETTER FROM GEN. JAMES H. LANE.

VIRGINIA AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL COLLEGE,

BLACKSBURG, January 25, 1876.

Messrs. Editors: Since the establishment of your valuable paper and magazine, *OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD*, you have published all of my official reports to the battle of Turkey Ridge, near Gaines's Mill. I am unable to furnish you with the remainder of the reports for the campaign of 1864, as my only copies of them were destroyed at Appomattox Court House.

While I was absent wounded, my brigade, commanded successively by Colonels Barry and Spear, and General Conner, took part in the following engagements: Riddle's Shop, June 13th; Three miles southeast of Petersburg, June 22d; Petersburg, June 23d; Gravel Hill, July 28th; Fussell's Mills, August 16th and 18th; Reams's Station, August 28th. In all of which, as I was informed by the two Colonels commanding, Capt. E. J. Hale, Jr., and others, it behaved with its usual gallantry.

Upon reporting for duty to General Lee, he remarked, in speaking of the fight at Reams's Station, that Cook's, McRae's, and Lane's brigades had, by their gallantry there displayed, not only placed North Carolina, but the whole Confederacy under a debt of gratitude which could never be repaid, and added that he had written to Governor Vance expressing his high appreciation of what they had done, in addition to having sent his official report to the authorities in Richmond.

On the morning of the 30th of September, troops from the right of the line around Petersburg, including my brigade, were ordered by General Lee to the north side of the James to support the forces then and there engaged; and the new works near the Pegram House were necessarily left to be defended by a weak skirmish line of dismounted cavalry. After crossing the Appomattox and marching beyond Etricks, we were ordered back as our right was threatened.

That afternoon my brigade was formed in line of battle to the right of the road leading to the Jones House, and another of Wilcox's brigades was formed on the left. The enemy were driving our cavalry skirmishers back rapidly, and Major Wooten,

to cover the formation of my line, was compelled to deploy his sharp-shooters at a double quick and push rapidly forward. This he did so quickly, so handsomely, and with the capture of so many prisoners, that it elicited the out spoken admiration of a large group of General officers who witnessed the gallant dash. One of them remarked that it was the handsomest thing of the kind he had seen during the war.

My line was formed just beyond a small stream of water, and the ground in front, particularly on the right, was rolling and served, somewhat, to shelter my men. I put the 33d regiment on the right, as I feared a flank movement in that direction and I had unbounded confidence in the bravery, coolness and judgment of its Colonel, R. V. Cowan. I made known my fears to Cowan and instructed him, should such a movement be attempted, to manœuvre his regiment at once to meet it and not to await orders from me. Not long after leaving him and a short time before the general advance, there was heard a volley and a shout on the right. A large body of Federals had formed perpendicular to Wooten's line of skirmishers, under the impression, I suppose, that it was my line of battle which was lying down and which they did not see, and were advancing rapidly; but Cowan was on the alert, and when the Federal line was nearly opposite his colors, he moved his regiment to the top of the hill, and with a well directed, converging, flank fire, broke the whole line and sent them back in great disorder into the hands of our cavalry which had been posted still farther to the right. This was the first and only battle in which I ever saw both lines advancing to meet each other. We encountered the main body of the enemy at the Jones House, and after a short but obstinate resistance, drove them back in the greatest confusion to the Pegram House. I never saw a richer battlefield, as oil cloths, blankets, knapsacks, and the like, were scattered in every direction by the retreating foe, some of whom in their hasty flight actually cut their knapsacks from their shoulders as shown by the straps.

In passing through the garden I had occasion to order forward a man who had stopped to plunder. Immediately a real soldier sprang up from one of the walks and cried out to me that he was neither a plunderer nor a skulker, but was there with his

brother who had just been wounded. I went to him and finding that his brother had been shot through the head, was unconscious and dying. I replied, "you know the orders, the ambulance corps is detailed to take care of all such cases, but as I know what it is to lose a brother under such circumstances, I cannot order you forward." I passed on and was about to enter the woods beyond the garden, when this brave man overtook me and remarked, "Here I am, General, I have thought over what you said and I am going to the front." He went quickly forward and I soon lost sight of him, as my presence was required on the right. I am sorry I cannot give you the name of this hero. I only know now that he belonged to the gallant old 7th.

When we had closed with the enemy at the Jones House, McRae's brigade, which had been formed in our rear as a support, rushed forward to participate in the fight. Some of my own command requested that they should be kept back as we did not need their assistance, but this was not done and the two brigades fought together for the rest of the day.

About dark we fell back to the edge of the woods near the Jones House where we slept on our arms. Next morning we advanced through this woods and formed line of battle in full view of the enemy at the Pegram House. I was informed that our attack on the first of October was intended as a feint, and that the main attack would be made on the Squirrel Level Road under General Heth. Soon after our line was formed, Brander's artillery took position on our right and a little to our front, where it could rake the works then occupied by the enemy. Brander's fire was both destructive and demoralizing, and as the enemy were rushing back in great disorder, the ever vigilant and courageous Wooten dashed amongst them with his brave sharp-shooters and brought back twice as many prisoners as he had men. The main line then advanced and took possession of the works where they were subjected to a very annoying fire from a fort to our left and front. Though it was raining we held the works at the Pegram House until dark and then returned to the line of works near the Jones House.

The whole brigade behaved nobly in this fight and again proved themselves worthy of the high esteem of Gen. R. E. Lee.

I send you a list of the casualties in my brigade in the campaigns of 1862, 1863 and 1864. They were made by Capt. E. J. Hale, Jr., and myself from official reports and from regimental and company lists of killed, wounded and missing, found amongst brigade papers after the war.

JAMES H. LANE.

LIST OF CASUALTIES IN LANE'S BRIGADE IN CAMPAIGN OF 1862.

NAMES OF BATTLES.	Killed : Officers and Men.	Wounded : Officers and Men.	Missing : Officers and Men.	Aggregate.	REMARKS.	
					202	unknown,
Hanover C. H., May 27, Mechanicsville, June 26, Cold Harbor, June 27, Frazier's Farm, June 30, Malvern Hill, July 1, Cedar Run, August 9, Warrenton Springs, August 24, Manassas Junction, August 26, Manassas Plains, Aug. 28, 29, 30, Ox Hill, September 1, Harper's Ferry, September 15, Sharpsburg, September 17, Shepherdstown, September, 20, Fredericksburg, December, 13,	73 killed and wounded. 853 12	202 88 3	15 88 3	275	This list was made from published official reports. The reports of Hanover C. H. and Manassas Plains refer to the <i>missing</i> , but do not give the number.	
				868	The Fredericksburg report calls for an aggregate of 625, but the killed, wounded and missing sum up only 535.	
				100	Some of the Colonels' re- ports of the fights around Richmond do not give sepa- rate lists of the killed and wounded.	
				3		
				215		
				108		
				4		
				104		
				74		
				535		
				216		
				257		
				62		
				2,286		
					Grand Total,	

JAMES H. LANE,
Late Brigadier General C. S. A.

LIST OF CASUALTIES IN LANE'S BRIGADE IN CAMPAIGN OF 1863.

NAMES OF BATTLES.	Killed.			Wounded.			Missing.			Total.			Aggregate.	REMARKS.
	Offi.	Men	Offi.	Men	Offi.	Men	Offi.	Men	Offi.	Men	Offi.	Men		
Chancellorsville, May 2, 3,	12	149	59	567	1	121	72	837			909			This list was made from published official reports.
Gettysburg, July 1, 2, 3,											660			'The report of the last three fights gave only the aggregates.
Hagerstown, July 13,											29			The loss at Chancellorsville was one-third of the entire command.
Falling Waters, July 14,											42			Entire loss in the "Trans-Potomac" Campaign was 7:1 out of an effective total of 1,355 including Ambulance Corps and Rear Guard.
Grand Total,											1,640			

JAMES H. LANE,
Late Brigadier General C. S. A.

LIST OF CASUALTIES IN LANE'S BRIGADE IN CAMPAIGN OF 1864.

NAMES OF BATTLES.	Killed.			Wond'd.			Missing.			Total.		Aggregate.		REMARKS.							
	Offi.	Men	Offi.	Men	Offi.	Men	Offi.	Men	Offi.	Men	Offi.	Men	Offi.	Men							
Battle of Wilderness May 5th and 6th,	3	40	16	213	5	138	24	391	415	415	Dow to Stott's Farm this list was made from published offi- cial reports. The remainder was made from regimental and company lists of killed, wound- ed and missing, found in the Brigade Adjutant General's desk after the war.										
Battle of Spotsylvania Court House, May 12th,	6	41	10	106	13	294	29	441	470												
Sharpshooting and Shelling at Spotsylvania Court House, May 13 to 20,	1	1	1	1	4	1	1	6	7												
Action near Spotsylvania Court House, May 21,	1	10	5	74	10	3	2	16	18												
Jericho Ford, May 23,	1	2	2	19	10	6	94	100	100												
Action at Stott's Farm, Totopotomoi Creek, May 31,	2	2	3	27	5	2	2	21	23												
Turkey Ridge, near Gaines' Mill, June 3 to 12,	1	2	3	27	5	2	4	29	33												
Action at Riddle's Shop, near Frazier's Farm, June 13,	7	4	46	5	5	4	58	7	7												
Action 3 miles Southeast of Petersburg, June 22,	5	12	45	4	73	12	126	138	138												
Action in front of Petersburg, June 23,	1	8	5	45	4	73	1	17	18												
Battle of Gravel Hill, July 28,	3	8	5	45	1	26	8	81	89												
Battle of Russell's Mill, Darbytown Road, Aug. 16 to 18,	2	6	5	49	1	26	6	17	15												
Battle of Reams' Station, August 25,	2	16	15	82	5	11	11	100	111												
Battle of Jones' Farm, Sept. 30,	1	8	10	87	5	12	12	12	12												
Action at Pegram's Farm, Oct. 1,	4	8	4	8	—	—	—	—	—												
Grand Total,	21	145	77	786	23	566	121	1497	1618												

JAMES H. LANE,
Late Brigadier General C. S. A.

DIARY OF A YOUNG LADY.—1863.

May 16.—The fighting commenced at Vicksburg. On the 17th the Federals advanced to take possession of the bridge over the Big Black. They were repulsed but crossed higher up and took us in the rear. Vicksburg is closely besieged.

May 25.—Vicksburg still stands. The latest from that city is that three assaults had been made upon the place, and each time the enemy had been signally repulsed. Three rousing cheers for the defenders of Vicksburg. Gen. Pemberton is in command.

May 22.—A slight skirmish below Kinston, N. C. The Federals attacked our outposts, and drove in our pickets to the entrenchments at Gum Swamp. An unfortunate affair for the Confederates.

May 27.—Vicksburg still holds out bravely. Gen. Joe Johnston ordered to the command of a part of our forces at that place. Our troops are confident and in high spirits. Gen. Grant commands the besieging army.

June 1.—Dispatch dated Jackson: Grant demanded the surrender of Vicksburg on Thursday last, giving three days. Pemberton replied that he wanted but fifteen minutes and would die in the trenches first.

June 8.—A private dispatch from Jackson: Vicksburg is all right. Gen. Kirby Smith is in possession of Wilkin's Bend.

June 9.—The enemy crossed the Rappahannock this morning at five o'clock at various fords from Beverly to Kelly's, with a large force of cavalry accompanied by infantry and artillery. After a severe contest, lasting until 5 P. M., Gen. Stuart drove them across the river. We had only cavalry engaged. The enemy gained some advantages upon the first onset; but upon the arrival of our reinforcements a desperate and sanguinary battle ensued. Much of the fighting was hand to hand. We have to mourn the loss of some of our gallant officers.

June 13.—Gen. Ewell attacked the enemy at Winchester, on Saturday, fought them Sunday, renewed the attack on Monday morning at 4 o'clock. After a struggle of an hour, the Federal flag was lowered, and our victorious veterans took entire possession, when the command of Milroy surrendered, six or seven hundred strong, wagons, equipments, artillery and teams. Our

loss in killed, wounded and missing is very slight. Col. Alberts in endeavoring to reinforce Milroy with two thousand men, was captured by Gen. Edward Johnston on Monday evening at Berryville.

June 27th.—By an order of the War Department dated June 27th, General Hooker is superceded by General Meade, who now commands the army of the Potomac.

June 20th.—Another victory at Vicksburg. At 2 o'clock on this, the morning of the 20th, the enemy made a terrible assault upon our lines near Vicksburg. The action lasted until 10 o'clock, ending in a complete route of the enemy. The enemy's loss is estimated to be heavier in this than in any other assault. We have sustained a heavy loss.

June 30th.—The General Assembly of North Carolina called together in extra session by order of Governor Vance.

July 2d.—A portion of Gen. A. P. Hill's corps attacks the enemy five miles below Bettner's Bridge, and drives them within five miles of the White House. No fears entertained in Richmond of a successful attack on the part of the enemy. General Lee's army is on the march northward, a part of it being in Maryland, and the residue in Pennsylvania. Nothing definite can be ascertained with regard to its movements. The only thing we have received which is entirely reliable is the following dispatch to the War Department from Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, dated June 27th: "I took possession of Fairfax Court House this morning at 9 o'clock, with a large quantity of stores. The main body of Hooker's army has gone towards Leesburg, except the garrisons at Alexandria and Washington, which have retreated within the fortifications."

(Signed)

J. E. B. STUART.

July 1st—Fighting commenced at Gettysburg, Penn. The Federal army commanded by General Meade. The fighting on this day was principally between the corps of Longstreet and A. P. Hill. The victory was achieved by one of the most splendid movements of the war, on the part of Gen. A. P. Hill. He ordered his corps to retreat, thereby inducing the enemy to believe he was defeated, when they engaged in hot pursuit, he immediately ordered his corps to form in line of battle and charge the enemy. It was entirely successful, and caused the enemy to be completely routed. The battle was the most successful of the war. After Hill's feint movement, Ewell and Longstreet advanced their right and left wings surrounding the enemy.

What was Said of the First Number.

Letter from Jefferson Davis, late President Confederate States.

MEMPHIS, TENN., 15th February, 1876.

COL. S. D. POOL—*Dear Sir*—I have this day received yours of the 10th instant, and by the same mail, the first number of the “SOUTHERN HISTORICAL MONTHLY” Magazine came to hand.

It was a great gratification to me to see how well you are laboring in the pious, patriotic task of preserving the evidence of the noble deeds done by our soldiers and sailors, in defence of a cause which can only be lost when the principles for which the war of the revolution was fought, and the rights it secured, shall have ceased to exist.

Few of our people were writers and fewer still have since the war had leisure to write; therefore, the story of the war has been told by those who could not or would not do us justice. It is surely, for the common welfare, desirable that all parts of the Union should know what there is of good in each. Demagogues who cater to sectional prejudice and inflame partizan passions by the perversion of truth are the worst and have been the most potent enemies of the purpose for which the States were united. Therefore I am glad to perceive that you are exploring the early history of the Government, as well as the recent acts of the Southern people; that instruction and vindication may go together.

Wishing for the Magazine great success in the collection and preservation of the material on which the history of our times must be based, and the judgment of posterity rendered, and with best wishes for yourself personally,

I am sincerely, &c.,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Extract from Letter of Gen. Jubal A. Early, President Southern Historical Society.

“I am much obliged to you for the copy of your first number, and am very much pleased with it. I trust that you may meet with success, and that the Magazine may become so firmly established as to supply, what we very much need, an organ for the vindication of Southern views of the war.”

Extract from Letter of Gen. G. T. Beauregard.

“I have read with pleasure the first number of the “Southern Historical Monthly” you have been kind enough to send me. If it be a fair specimen of the future numbers of this periodical, I have no doubt of its entire success. Its articles are well selected, and as a war record, will be invaluable to all ex-Confederates.”

Extract from Letter of Capt. John N. Maffitt, of the Confederate War Steamer Florida.

“It was my misfortune to be under the necessity (in Feb. 1865) of launching my mails, journals, &c., overboard, when capture seemed inevitable, off Charleston. Unexpectedly I escaped. I am endeavoring to collect data from shipmates and friends, to aid me in finishing the CRUISE OF THE FLORIDA. In a few weeks it is my hope to be able to furnish you with matters of interest, in regard to the Confederate Navy.

* * * * *

I consider the late Captain J. W. Cooke, of North Carolina, one of the most brilliant officers of the Confederate Navy. His energy in fitting out the Iron Clad Albemarie, and aiding in the capture of Plymouth—and then gallantly fighting the whole Federal squadron in Albemarie Sound was not surpassed during the war. Captain Cooke will be my first contribution.”

Extract from Letter of General Hamby, Adjutant General of Tennessee.

“I heartily wish you success. The Magazine sent me I very much appreciate. It supplies a vacancy in Southern literature long recognized by our people, and I trust your reward will be commensurate with its deserts.”

1876. Now is the Time to Subscribe. 1876.

Bonny Kate, A New Serial Story,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR US BY

“CHRISTIAN REID”—Miss Fisher,

Author of “Morton House,” “Valerie Aylmer,” “A Question of Honor,” &c.

A New Volume Commenced with the March No.

1876. An Appeal for Our Living and Our Dead. 1876.

The undersigned have learned, with much gratification, that it is the purpose of the Founder and Editor of “OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD” to throw renewed and additional energy into its management, so that it shall be still more worthy of the noble and patriotic objects of its establishment.

They can not too highly endorse the manner and spirit in which Col. Pool has conducted his needful and valuable enterprise; an enterprise which *commends itself* to every Southern heart, and pre-eminently to every North Carolinian, who reveres the memories of our gallant dead, or has a just appreciation of our living heroes and worthies, and who feels the glow of patriotic pride at the record of the achievements and the fame of both.

A magazine which proposes to foster a feeling of State pride, which seeks to perpetuate the names and recollection of those who died for the honor of North Carolina, and to emblazon the deeds of those who, living, have shed lustre around her character, deserves, and should receive, a generous and remunerative support.

For the sake of the object it has in view, of what it has already accomplished, and what it promises yet to accomplish, and for the sake of its own intrinsic merits and excellencies, we appeal to the people of the State to secure Col. Pool's patriotic undertaking by giving to “OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD,” immediate, practical and merited encouragement.

W. R. COX,	N. J. PITTMAN,
SEATON GALES,	W. G. LEWIS,
SAMUEL ASHE,	JNO. S. DANCY,
GEO. ALLEN,	JNO. PHILLIPS,
CHAS. C. CLARK,	W. M. PIPPEN,
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OFFICE OF SOUTHERN HISTORICAL MONTHLY,

Raleigh, N. C., Feb. 15, 1877.

The Prospectus on the last page of this cover will convey to the reader a just idea of the objects and designs of the publication. It is believed that the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL MONTHLY will supply a want long felt by Southern men - furnishing to them a proper and interesting medium for the communication of their views of the great questions which produced the war between the States, and the still greater political questions which have agitated the people of the South since 1865.

We shall endeavor to make the Magazine entirely worthy the patronage of the Southern people; and of such great general value as will secure for it a large circulation at the North, especially among those, whatever may be their political proclivities, who desire to read Southern, as well as Northern, views of the causes which produced the war, the events which occurred in its progress, and the results of the failure of the Confederate States to establish a permanent government.

The Historical Department of the Magazine shall contain reliable information, gathered from the most authentic sources, and the other departments shall be as full of interest to the general reader as skilled writers can make them.

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Southern Historical Monthly,

RALEIGH, N. C.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

Southern Historical Monthly.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE SOUTH.

I have commenced the publication of a Magazine devoted to the preservation of historical materials, and to the vindication of the people of the States known as Confederate in the late war, under the title of the

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